JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 26 | SATURDAY, DEC. 1st, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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ONE TANNER. 1907.

JOHN BULL'S HARDY ANNUAL.

Unedited by that Awful Reprobate, JIMMY CROW, Esq.

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LETTUCE'S DIARY. THE TABLE OF PRECEDENCY. PROFESSIONAL FLEAS. WAITS AND MEASURES. BALLOONACY. CURIOSITIES LATELY ADDED TO COLLECTIONS. POSSIBLE AND IMPOSSIBLE MINISTRIES. THE NEXT HOUSE OF LORDS. POSTAL GUYED. THE BOYHOOD SUFFRAGE LEAGUE. MUNICIPAL ESTIMATES. UNSEASONABLE FISH. THE ARITHMETIC REFORM LEAGUE. THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION. THE CAULIFLOWER LEAGUE, AND OTHER UNMITIGATED FOOLERY.

1907— **WITTY CUR'S ALMANAC** —1907

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NOTICES, &c.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

As we anticipated would be the case, the article in our last issue has brought forth the usual batch of orthodox assurances as to the steady progress and improvement in Mr. Chamberlain's health. We wish we could credit these reports. Something more, however, than the authority of Mr. Neville Chamberlain to contradict our statements will be needed by the public. As we pointed out last week, the members of the family, after our emphatic statement to the contrary, authorised the Press to state that Mr. Chamberlain would "most certainly attend the Tariff Reform meeting in Nottingham in the middle of October." In the same way we are now assured that the right hon. gentleman is rapidly recovering from his illness, and are led to believe that he will soon be resuming active participation in public affairs. We deeply regret that such is not the case. Not only is Mr. Chamberlain, as we have so frequently asserted, "seriously ill," but his condition is absolutely critical. Nothing short of a miracle is required if he is ever to resume his part in public life; and, as Matthew Arnold once observed, miracles do not happen now.

We have no desire to make either journalistic or political capital out of this unhappy state of affairs. But the public is entitled to know the truth. And there is a very simple way of arriving at it. Let the family publish an official bulletin, signed by the medical gentlemen who have attended Mr. Chamberlain since the middle of July last. Let this certificate state (1) the origin of the illness, (2) the course it has taken, and (3) Mr. Chamberlain's present condition.

Pending the publication of such an official announcement, we must reluctantly ask our readers to believe that every word we said last week was true.

On Thursday, last week, we spent three hours with the boys at St. Stephen's School, Westminster. It was a great occasion, and the scholars were there in force. The Governor of the school, Dr. Lowther, was in the chair, and the Head Master, Dr. Bannerman, and the late head master, Professor Balfour, were also present—supported by several present and past assistant masters, including the Rev. Lloyd-George, Dr. Burns, Canon Stuart-Wortley, ex-Drill Master Acland Hood, and others. The question was the conduct of the school carpenter in altering the position of some of the forms, without having first obtained the authority of the school. Such a question naturally aroused high feeling; indeed, except when the subject of Holidays or of Food has been under consideration, we do not remember to have seen the School so agitated. The school carpenter made the best defence he could, but it didn't satisfy some of the boys.

First, there was Watty Rutherford. He is an aggressive chap, who makes up in Impudence what he lacks in Culture. He smokes big cigars out of school, and

keeps the bands on; and he is very rude to the masters. In fact, he is the school bounder. He spoke for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Then Dalziel, who before he joined the school as a scholar had been connected with it in some capacity or the other, dilated at length, and with warmth, upon the carpenter's iniquity. The Dalziels are an old Scotch Tory family, and the fact that the forms had been in one position for seven hundred years was his strong point. Then Johnny Redmond, one of the senior scholars, and popular throughout the school, worked off the dialetical subtlety of begging the question, by asking what difference it made whether the forms "were here or were there." After a short interval for refreshments (on the motion of Johnny Jones), and during which little Viccy Turnour, in velvet knickers and an Eton jacket, gave a pretty recitation, the debate was resumed with renewed vigour.

The Head Master did his best to quell the storm. The school carpenter, he explained, had been ill, and was sorry if he had done wrong in not consulting the boys before tampering with their seats. But he had acted under a great provocation, which only the subordinate character of his office had precluded him from mentioning. Certain scholars had, it appeared, been in the habit of using a form near the Head Master's seat for the purpose of cooling their fevered feet (removing their boots to facilitate the operation), and it had been thought only right that, after seven hundred years, the other end of the school should have a chance. But the boys were not satisfied. And, after Canon Wortley had solemnly described the pedal quarter just mentioned as the Holy of Holies, and Professor Balfour had expressed approval of the carpenter's action, Johnny Jones —who spoke, as usual, in his glasses—got a great effort off his chest, and then Billy Byles gave them beans. In the end, the carpenter was vindicated, on a vote, by an overwhelming majority—and shortly before midnight the tired boys retired to rest; whilst the masters and ex-masters adjourned to supper, to laugh and joke together over the names they had called each other in the School Forum, and to settle the next list.

And all this time, dear reader, the legislation of the country was at a standstill. For three precious, priceless hours the great Mother of Parliaments was engaged in a wrangle which any body of business men would have disposed of in three minutes. And soon the Prime Minister will be announcing the annual "Slaughter of the Innocents"—the abandonment of important measures which the Government had not time to proceed with!

Jeremiah McVeagh says the only bet he has ever made was when he recently accepted twenty to one that Lord Turnour was not in the next Tory ministry. We congratulate Jerry upon his start. There are two reasons why he must win his money. Lord Turnour, being the recognised leader of the Opposition, will be the man most likely "to be sent for" by the King when the Tories next come in. He is also, being only 23 years of age, about the only member of the party who is likely then to be alive.

The Postmaster-General the other day stated that he could not give statistics of betting telegrams, because the messages had not been kept. Perhaps he will explain how he would identify racing wires. Tampering with coded messages might easily lead to serious trouble. What about the curate's wife who wired to her husband the inscription and dimensions of the banner for the Christmas decorations:—"Unto us a child is born—six feet by two feet six"?

Francisco Ferrer, the head of the Rationalist School in Spain, is still in gaol, awaiting "trial" on the charge of complicity in the attempted assassination of the King and Queen. And it is daily becoming clearer that unless the peoples of other, and more enlightened, countries, bestir themselves, this distinguished scholar and philanthropist will fall a victim to a foul and cowardly priestly plot. Let every man who does not know the story read it in the *Clarion* of last week. It will do him good; it will make him feel that, after all, there *is* something left in the world worth fighting for—worth waging war, and spilling blood for. If Spain commits the abominable crime of wiping out Ferrer—France and England must unite to march upon and wipe out Spain.

Here is one of those little social problems which we venture to suggest the House of Commons would have been better engaged in considering the other night than in wasting three hours upon a question of seats. Mrs. White is the wife of a Kennington working tailor, who earns twenty-five shillings per week. They have ten children—foolish couple—but they have them. No one will receive them as lodgers, so they are obliged to take a house. Of course, they can't pay the rates, so the husband goes to prison—not, mark you, because he *won't*, but because he *can't* pay them. Then, of course, the baker's bill gets a bit in arrear, and a committal order is made against the man, because he *can*, but *won't*, pay it! And then the rent comes due, and the landlord takes away the little home, because HE *must* be paid! And Mr. Birrell says that Christianity in the schools has made us a great and glorious country! Well, such a state of things would not be tolerated in Heathen Japan.

We fear the tireless Teutons have got on the Kaiser's nerves. That enterprising monarch appears to have spoken out of a full heart to Herr Ganghofer, a Bavarian gentleman who writes poetry for a living, and, we hope, gets it. At all events, the Kaiser reads him, if he does not buy him, and this is something. Furthermore, Herr Ganghofer seems to have inspired His Majesty to optimism. "I am an optimist," he declared, "and shall remain an optimist to the end." Naturally. All great men are optimists. An optimist is a man who believes, among other things, in himself. Therefore the Kaiser is a great man. Hoch the Kaiser!

Yet does he sorrow. He is given to melancholy. His German subjects mistrust him, shrug their shoulders in speaking of him, reproach him (in the beer gardens and other places where they drink) with talking too much. Also, if the Kaiser fails in anything, the world says he did it; if he succeeds in anything, the world says he didn't. Everybody misunderstands him, it seems. It is a pretty hard case for an optimist. But one little word in his ear. "John Bull" does not misunderstand him. "John" has weighed him and valued him. The Kaiser is in partnership with Providence. Providence is the sleeping partner, and His Majesty is trying to run the whole show as his own. So, once more, Hoch the Kaiser!

We are in a position to announce that though Lord Northcliffe has offered £10,000 to the inventor of the first aeroplane which accomplishes the distance between London and Manchester during the next five years, he does not propose to travel in it himself. He will take his change of air otherwise. We assume that it is Lord Northcliffe who makes the offer, for, though we do not think he will lose the money, the shareholders of the *Daily Mail*, whose funds he publicly pledges, would probably have something to say if the cash had to be paid over. Flying, they may argue, may be a very excellent entertainment in its way, and would probably reduce the fatalities and accidents by motor-car and motor-'bus, but, after all, it is not mentioned as an object of business in the Articles of Association, and, therefore, is not to be carried on to the reduction of dividends. There is not much, chance, however, of the

money being claimed. Lord Northcliffe might just as well make an offer of 11d. per pound for all the cheese imported from the moon.

However, we cannot permit ourselves to be overshadowed by the *Daily Mail*, when it comes to the cheaper forms of advertising. We have, therefore, decided to offer for open competition three prizes. The first one will consist of cash, with a pantechnicon to carry it, to the amount of £10,000,000, to be awarded to the man, woman, or child who walks on the wind any time next year. The second prize will consist of £5,000,000, also cash, to be awarded to any man, woman, or child who succeeds in producing a perpetual motion machine within the next half century. The third prize will consist of a row of houses, a grand piano, ten volumes of an encyclopædia (Northcliffe brand), a tram ticket, half a pound of tea (Lipton's best), and a large cough drop, to any man, woman, child, or curate who succeeds in getting into telephonic communication with Mars within the next thousand years. The Editor's decision will be final—wherever he happens to be at the time.

In defending Mr. Crooks and the Poplar Guardians, the *Daily News* condemns the Poor Law of 1834 as a law by which English working men were to be "dragooned into virtue by an English middle-class majority." There is much to be said for this view; but it is, all the same, excruciatingly funny to find the *Daily News* indignant at an attempt to dragoon working men into virtue. That is its very *raison d'être*.

Whilst on this topic, we will quote a letter recently received from a prominent worker in the late municipal elections:—

"I was an active worker in my own district, and came into contact with many active workers in other metropolitan boroughs during the late contest, and I cannot agree with what is said in the papers on the subject. I ascribe our failure chiefly to the meddlesome impertinence of the Nonconformist conscience. It had been widely put about that the Government will introduce restrictive legislation next session. On the top of this the noisy fanatic teetotalers issued to the candidates a lot of questions such as, would they support Sunday closing? would they place clubs where intoxicants are sold on the same footing as public houses? would they suppress betting, etc.?—matters beyond the range of their duties at present and likely to remain so. The Moderates for the most part did not give these pledges; but the Progressives in many cases were tempted to do so against their better judgment, in order to gain a few votes; and as things turned out, they lost more than they gained. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and if this misfortune proves a warning with regard to the more important L.C.C. elections next spring, all may have happened for the best. If, on the other hand, the counsel of the *Daily News* be followed, we shall lose our majority on the L.C.C. in the same way as we have lost the boroughs."

We commend this counsel to County Council candidates.

At Derby a temperance meeting has passed a resolution declaring that further restrictive legislation "will secure the hearty approval and support of all friends of freedom, purity, and national well-being." It is far more likely to secure political defeat, as Sir William Harcourt discovered when he lost his seat for Derby over the Local Veto business in 1892.

In the *Contemporary* for November a learned statistician has an article entitled "Polygamy and Christianity," proving by elaborate tables that nature intends monogamy for universal use. His attention may be drawn to the curious plight of the little village of Toppesfield, in Essex. For some time there has been a great preponderance of girls over boys born, and the scholars attending the school comprise 38 girls and only 11 boys. The medical officer for the district can ascribe no cause for the phenomenon. A well-known physician suggests that the water supply is at fault. Why not consult that German doctor who knows all about the determination of sex? Meanwhile, what boots it to the maidens of Toppesfield that the balance is restored in distant places when at home their price for the marriage stakes is nearly three to one against?

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 114.

For saying (in an interview with a representative of the "Morning Leader") that he had "attended 115 triennial musical festivals,"

MR. JOSEPH BENNETT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 115.

For calling the Free Church Conference "the greatest deliberative assembly ever gathered in these islands,"

THE REV. THOMAS LAW
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 116.

For expressing surprise that we go to press on Monday, whilst not publishing till Thursday, and at the same time admitting that we have an exceptionally large sale,

THE EDITOR OF THE *FINANCIAL WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 117.

For stating in the "Daily Mail" that his sister rode 60 miles over a bridle track, two weeks after the birth of a child, to convey the news of the holding up of the mail; that "her family has since increased by eleven, and she would be prepared to do the same thing again,"

MR. HIRAM BEDFORD,
22, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 118.

For stating in his report on the Luton National School, Chatham, that after a boy was seized by the hair, it "stood straight up on end for some weeks,"

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 119.

For informing the public that in recently distributing £100 among the Covent Garden porters, he was simply endeavouring to win a bet he had taken of £500 to £100 that "he would not get his name before the public in such a fashion as would result in his being the recipient of 3,000 begging letters," and that he had thereby made a considerable sum upon the transaction,

MR. WM. YATES, OF BLACKBURN,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 120.

For describing Mr. Austen Chamberlain as "a statesman" and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as "a politician,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 121.

For stating that "what we are striving for is what our forefathers have striven for and what our ancestors will continue to strive for. . . . You know what I mean—what our pedigree will strive for,"

A DELEGATE AT THE POOR LAW CONFERENCE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 122.

For interpreting His Majesty's innovation at banquets, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," as a step in the interests of temperance, for the early introduction of coffee, "after which no other kind of drink is taken,"

SIR ALBERT SPICER, M.P.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 123.

For suggesting as the best practical solution of the difficulties of the moment that the Government should appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into "the origin and original constitution of the House of Lords,"

MR. JAMES MURRAY, OF BIRMINGHAM,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

IN THE CITY.

The Deep Leads Mining Boom.—A New Parent Company.

As we have frequently predicted would be the case as soon as the unwatering operations which have been in progress for the past two years were completed, we are now on the eve of a great boom in Victorian Deep Lead mining, and already the shares of the principal companies engaged in that district mark a very substantial improvement. As in the case of all new mining "booms," however, we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the importance of exercising extreme caution in their investments. We fully recognise that the Victorian Deep Leads have already in the past demonstrated their phenomenal wealth, and we are quite prepared to see as big a rush for all Deep Leads shares as there was for Westralians and Kaffirs a few years ago. Everything connected with mining is essentially a gamble, and it may be that some of the schemes which at the outset apparently partake of the "wild-cat" order may in the end turn out the most lucrative. There is, however, a very safe rule to follow in these matters, and that is for investors to select some parent company, under respectable and responsible management, and possessing facilities for obtaining special knowledge of local developments and prospects. In this way, apart from sharing in the profits of such parent companies, the investor is usually afforded preferential opportunities of participating in subsidiary flotations—whilst he also reaps the benefit of such special and expert information as the advisers of the parent company afford him.

Of course, there will be a rush of such companies before long. But in the meantime, we note with satisfaction the registration of an important undertaking known as "Carter's Deep Leads," which has just been formed for the purpose of taking up and developing an immense area of these wonderful old Victorian river beds. The chairman, Mr. Wm. Carter, is a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity, and of strong financial position, and the fact of his having so prominently lent his name to the enterprise is the very best guarantee of its genuineness. We hope in our next issue to be able to give full particulars of this important undertaking, but in the meantime we may mention that the capital of the company is £250,000 in £1 shares, and we have no hesitation whatever in advising those of our readers who desire to participate in this coming Deep Lead boom to include a line of "Carter's" in their selection.

The Soap Trust.

The organisers of the Soap Trust, or the "working arrangement" as Mr. W. H. Lever preferred to call it, have bowed to the inevitable, and the Trust has disappeared. That it has done so is largely due to the action of the Press, which roused the Trade to more united and strenuous opposition than might otherwise have been the case. But probably the determining factor was the brazen impudence of the Trust in selling 15oz. bars of soap as of 1lb. weight. We notice, without surprise that the *Daily News* expresses its satisfaction at the defeat of the Trust in very tepid language. "There can be no doubt that trade combines must tend in the long run, no matter what the motives with which they started, to monopoly and to enhanced prices." That is the most it permits itself to say in the way of comment upon the collapse of the Trust. What the motives of Mr. Lever and his associates were are not open to doubt, although the *Daily News* hints that these philanthropists were moved by nothing but the public good when they changed 1lb. weight into 15ozs. But we must make allowance for our contemporary's perplexity. If it damned the Trust it would condemn a Radical millionaire, and when it is a case of Radical millionaire against the public welfare, the *Daily News* is not on the side of the many. If only W. H. L. had been a Tory!

Slaters, Limited.

We have had so many enquiries from correspondents with regard to Slaters, Limited, that it may be useful to say a word upon the report, which announces a shrinkage of dividend from 16 per cent. to 12½ per cent. The business is thoroughly sound, and we have little doubt that the larger dividend will be distributed again before very long. The smaller dividend on the present occasion is due in considerable degree to the shrinkage in the profits of a subsidiary business, and in smaller degree to decrease in the general trading profit. It may be expected that with the anticipated improvement in general business conditions, Slaters, Limited, will quickly regain the slight measure of prosperity it has lost.

The Shipping Bill.

Mr. Lloyd-George is to be heartily congratulated upon the third reading of the Merchant Shipping Bill. It owes much to his skilful pilotage, in sharp contrast to the way in which more than one of his predecessors has handled this thorny subject. The Bill may not be all that the friends of the sailor asked, and properly asked, for. We should have liked to have seen it strengthened in more than one particular, but it is a great improvement upon the exisiting law, and confers substantial advantages upon the sailor, more especially in ensuring him better food and bunk accommodation. And, what is very important in this connection, the shipowners have worked with Mr. Lloyd George in carrying it.

The Ethiopian Rain-Proof Monopoly.

In our issue of November 17th we directed attention to this flotation. We said that we were not satisfied that the Company had any monopoly. We have since received a letter from a firm doing business in Abyssinia, who write to us as follows:—

> "It just happens that we heard of this monopoly concern in September, and on the 18th of that month we wrote to our correspondent in Harrar, Abyssinia, asking about the truth of the rumour, as we have for some time been shipping rain-proof goods to this market. Enclosed we have the pleasure to hand you their reply, which was received on the 27th October. From it you will see that, so far as those who are in connection with the trade on the spot are concerned, they up to the 13th October seem to know nothing about this monopoly."

The paragraph of the letter referred to runs as below:—

> "You have nothing to fear. No one is able to get monopoly. We are great stockers of rain-proof canvas, and coats and trousers, and all such articles."

We invite the attention of the directors of the Ethiopian Rain-Proof Monopoly to these statements.

Lloyd's Bank, Limited.—An Interesting Point.

With reference to our article of last week under this heading, we are informed by Messrs. Cox and Lafone, under date November 22nd, that they were that day issuing a writ in the matter. Under these circumstances we are precluded from publishing some observations on the legal aspects of the case which a high legal authority, ignorant of the issue of the writ, has been good enough to send us.

The *Cycle* gamble appears to be subsiding. Those companies which are turning out motor cars may expect another good year, but those which are confined to cycles only may find difficulty in maintaining profits next season.

PEOPLE'S BANKS.

Persons interested in the subject of People's Banks should send a Postcard to

MR. THOMAS FARROW,
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Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

Is the *Dolores* to prove another Esperanza? In Mr. Parish the mine had an excellent engineer, but his connection with the company has been severed, owing to disagreement with the American directors. Have the English boards no say with these Mexican mines?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER, 124, Holborn.—We should be glad to hear from any of our readers who have had transactions with this firm—together with particulars of such transactions.

ANGLO-JAPANESE BANK STOCK.—TONBRIDGE WELLS.—It ought to do by-and-bye, but it has a good deal of rivalry to reckon with.

THE SAFE INVESTMENT CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.—J. B. (Warrington).—We have no information respecting this concern, but your description of it is not inviting.

LOAN UPON POLICY.—B. J. C. (Brighton).—We know no means by which you can "profitably save the policy" except by repaying the loan upon it, or continuing the payment of the premiums until it matures.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—EXCHANGE (Cheshire).—You say that you are "desirous of speculating in a mild way on the Stock Exchange, say, with a sum of £10 or £20," on what you think is called the "cover" system, and you want to know if a Manchester firm of outside brokers would treat you fairly. They have not a very good reputation, but that is a matter of no consequence to you so far as results go. You may take our word for it that if you carry out your intention of speculating "in a mild way" upon the Stock Exchange, you will lose your £10 or £20, whether you go to these people or to others.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—X. Y. Z. (Portman Square).—You do not give us any particulars as to the interest that would satisfy you. Spratt's Patent Ordinary would give you about 5½ per cent., and Bryant and May's Cumulative Preference about 5½ per cent. Both may be recommended.

TWO SHARES.—MOTOR (Fulham).—The Motor shares you mention represent very speculative purchases.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—J. H. K.—Short's, Limited, Preferred Ordinary would at their present price give you about 5½ per cent. with what should be ample security.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—INQUIRER (Newcastle).—(1) See our answer to J. H. K. (2) We think your suggestion as to insurance policy a good one. You could not do better than go to the Hand-in-Hand in New Bridge Street.

WESTMINSTER CONTRACT CORPORATION.—G. W. (West Dulwich).—Send us the papers.

THE MEXICO AND COLORADO SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—M. E. W.—We should not change for priority shares.

VARIOUS SHARES.—JOHN (Basingstoke).—We will answer your questions as numbered. (1) We should prefer another selection. There is not a very free market in these shares. (2) We are not much in love with this security. (3) The Greenwich Linoleum Company at their present quotation give about 7 per cent. This company, as you know, pays big dividends. (4) We should not buy the Cycle shares, and the same remark applies to No. 5. (6) Loddon Deep Leads are very speculative, but if you want a gamble they may be recommended.

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE SOCIETY.—W. H. B. (Muswell Hill).—(1) You need be under no fear as to its soundness. (2) As to other investments, we think you will get the information you want if you will glance over the answers we have given to various other correspondents on this page, and in this issue.

OPTIONS.—INTERESTED (Godalming).—(1) The liability of the purchaser is limited to the price paid for the option. (2) The Universal Stock Exchange is quite good for its bargains.

FUEL COMPANY.—ENERGETIC (King's Cross).—We do not know of anyone who would be likely to take up this business in the present condition of markets.

NORTHERN TERRITORIES.—J. F. (Reading).—We have no recent information, but in view of the present metal boom, we should not be surprised to see the Territories spring into great demand at any moment.

OUTSIDE BROKER.—SUBSCRIBER (Durnam).—Have nothing to do with the firm in question.

INVESTMENT OF £1,000.—TERRACE (Nottingham).—If you do not mind the liability of £8 on every £10 share, the Union Assurance Society, whose £10 shares are now quoted at £16, would give you 5½ per cent. with good security. Or the San Paulo Railway Company Ordinary stock would give you over 5½ per cent., and though we are not much in love with South American securities, this railway has a splendid record. Or, as a look-up, Grand Trunk Third Preference may be recommended as certain to give you a good return in the way of appreciation of capital value.

INVESTMENT OF £300.—P. G. (Acton Vale).—(1) We do not understand what the Bank rate has to do with the return upon Lyons' shares at their present price, and taking the last dividend. As a matter of fact, at their current quotation they would give you nearly 6 per cent., and may be recommended as a speculative investment. We do not know that we can recommend anything much better, having regard to the 6 per cent. you want. The company is very shrewdly managed, but, of course, it has to reckon with very severe competition. (2) The Temperance Building Society is an excellent institution, and if you are content with its 4 per cent., your money will be absolutely safe with it.

SAVOY HOTEL.—LIKEIT (Grays).—(1) No. You are confusing the Savoy with the Hotel Cecil. (2) We are much obliged to you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL, and the help you are giving us.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—With reference to our reply to W. M., in our last issue, another correspondent writes as follows:—

> I think there are two ways in which W. M. might deal with the matter. First, if his £150 certicate is not sufficient for the sort of house he wishes to buy, he might purchase from another certificate-holder a certificate for another £100 (or whatever amount he aims at) on which five years' subscriptions are paid up. Then, putting the two certificates together, he could apply for the loan he wishes.
>
> Secondly, instead of above, he could, I believe, exchange his present form of certificate for one of the new form of certificate more recently issued by the company, and intended by them to supersede the earlier form. The newer form, known as deferred assurance and house purchase policies, are credited with 2½ per cent. interest per annum (instead of 2 per cent.), and the annual bonuses as before. They have, moreover, as I understand, a surrender value; and can also be exchanged for a paid-up policy. In some one or other of these ways he might utilise his present certificate to the best advantage; at least, I would do so if I were he.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—OCTOBER (Long Eaton).—They ought to be worth their present price, but once a newspaper is on the down grade, experience shows that it is difficult to put it up again. The company is over-capitalised.

THREE SHARES.—H. W. B.—We do not anticipate much immediate change in any one of the three shares you name. They are none of them particularly inviting.

HEALTH AND SICKNESS ASSOCIATION.—C. R. F. (Ealing).—We will look into the matter, and reply to your letter next week.

THE ANCHOR TIN MINES.—T. H. S. (North Shields).—We cannot recommend you friend to accept Mr. Beverley's offer.

TWEEDIE AND TWEEDIE.—J. R. (Reading).—The waste-paper basket is the place for the circulars you send us. Quite possibly there is the relation you mention between them and Lee Baillie and Nephew.

BREWERY DEBENTURES.—ST. LAWRENCE (Canterbury).—We should hold the debentures for the present. Write us again about the beginning of the year.

J. G. GRAVES, LTD.—E. H. (Kidsgrove).—These shares are not quoted on the London Stock Exchange.

CARGO FLEET IRON.—R. R. JUNIOR (Glasgow).—We think you might make a more promising investment.

THE AMERICAN INSURANCE SCANDALS.—CONSTANT READER (Bootle).—The address of the committee is International Policy Holders' Committee, Palmerston House, 34, Old Broad Street, E.C.

TWO CERTIFICATES.—R. N. (Balham).—The certificates are of no value.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—THAMES (Staines).—The answer to both your questions is in the affirmative.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. R. (Welshpool).—Under the circumstances we should continue the insurance.

KOMATA REEFS.—A. D. (Alnwick).—Better not touch them, even at 2s. 3d.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—SOUTH DEAN (Southfields).—Your relative would do better to buy shares in some sound Industrial Company. They will give you a return nearly as much as that you could get from the source you indicate, and would be a much more satisfactory investment.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.—G. H. W. (Manchester).—We know of no good reason why you should not continue your insurance with this company.

INVESTMENT OF £250.—J. H. H.—You might put it into Jay's, Ltd., Cumulative Preference, which would give you about 4½ per cent., or even the Ordinary shares, which would give you nearly 6 per cent. This is a sound security, and you would have no difficulty in selling at any time if you wished to do so.

PENNY BANK.—H. G. (London).—It is quite sound.

MOTOR 'BUS.—F. C. (Holloway).—You do not specify which company your question touches. As to the shares, they are necessarily very speculative, having regard to the uncertain outlook for motor 'bus companies.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—G. J. (Hornsey).—(1) If you are content with the return we should buy Consols. They can hardly go much lower, and will probably appreciate somewhat in the near future. (2) We should hold the development shares for the present.

INVESTMENT OF £1,000.—AGRICOLA (Ditchingham).—You want four securities representing good security, and yielding about 5 per cent. The list you give is not a bad one, but Buenos Ayres Great Southern would not give you anything like 5 per cent.; the Alliance Assurance would only give you a little over 4 per cent.; Liverpool and London and Globe much about the same; and Midland Deferred about 4½ per cent. If you want 5 per cent. and over, you must make other selections, and we would suggest Brunner, Mond and Co., which, at their present price, give about 6½ per cent., Bryant and May, which give about 5½ per cent., Carlton Hotel Ordinary, which give 8 per cent., and Raphael Tuck and Sons, which give about 6 per cent. These shares are all sound, and you would run very little risk in buying them.

FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENT.—HOUBLON (Barnestown).—(1) Raphael Tuck and Sons Cumulative Preference would give you over 5½ per cent., and represent an excellent investment. (2) We do not think The Knight Debentures particularly inviting.

LUIPAARDS VLEI.—CHEMICUS (Whitehaven).—We fear that if you hold these shares until they get back to the price you paid for them, £3 7s. 6d., you will hold for a long time. It has been a very disappointing property.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE.—VERITAS (Portsmouth).—We are not disposed to recommend a company that offers you a house of your own in five years to the value of £300 for 5d. a day.

WARING AND GILLOW.—W. MACT. (Cockermouth).—(1) Having regard to what we have said about this company, we are a little surprised that you should ask us whether we advise you to invest in it. (2) The circular from Martin Bull should find its way into the waste-paper basket.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—R. C. (Belfast).—We think you had better leave them alone.

STOCK EXCHANGE DOINGS.—CONTANGO (Teignmouth).—(1) E. Effingham Wilson, of 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C., have various publications which might be of use to you. You might write to them. (2) We have so frequently answered your second question that we can only refer you to previous issues for our reply to the present one.

EDINBURGH DISTRICT MOTOR 'BUS COMPANY.—P. D. L. (Edinburgh).—We are delighted to hear that the motor 'buses belonging to this company now running are comfortable, speedy, and quiet, the fares cheap, and the conductors very civil and obliging. If that be so, the company should soon be doing well, notwithstanding its unfortunate start.

VARIOUS SHARES.—TYPEWRITER (Brighton).—We do not think the Railway Deferred Stock is likely to show much improvement, and we should sell the mining shares, with the exception of Nerschink, which may perhaps go better by and by.

BROKERS' CHARGES.—A. B. (York).—The brokers would seem to be justified in their double charge.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—BARON (Sheffield).—Subject to the conditions we have often named, the answer to your question is in the affirmative.

CORRECT QUOTATIONS.—J. S. (Westminster).—The statement in the letter would seem to be correct.

THE ZINC CORPORATION.—H. R. (Belfast).—This company has a capital of £350,000 in £1 shares, of which 340,000 shares have been issued, and fully paid. Its head office is in Melbourne, but it has a London office at 20, Copthall Avenue, E.C., and Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co. are its general managers. The company was formed to acquire a large quantity of mill tailings, and the option of further quantities from the Broken Hill companies, and its present contracts give it the control of 4,080,000 tons of tailings, estimated to contain approximately 17 to 19 per cent. zinc, 5 to 6 per cent. lead, and about 6 ozs. silver per ton.

VARIOUS SHARES.—L. A. (Gorleston-on-Sea).—There is not likely to be much change in the price of the various shares you mention at present, and we see little advantage in holding the mining shares.

WINCHESTER GOLD MINING COMPANY.—JONES (Leanrust).—No.

FRASER REEF GOLD MINE.—D. (Ripley).—The answer is in the negative.

SOUTH DEVON IRON AND GENERAL MINING COMPANY.—E. W. W. (Tottenham).—The certificate is of no value.

COOSHEN MINERALS, LIMITED.—NOVICE (Wood Green).—We have no information respecting this concern.

CHICAGO GAIKA DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.—C. C. (Chelsea).—If you have the opportunity to sell, you would be wise to take it.

WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.—COLONIAL.—Some two or three years ago.

STAR AND BUTCHERBOY MINES.—T. H. R. (Bradford).—Your information as to locality is correct. Have nothing to do with these concerns.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—G. S. (Newcastle).—(1) No, it is not true that the Board of Trade has any special cognisance of the "daily business" of this concern. (2) As to the best investment of £500 to give you 5 per cent., you will see answers to somewhat similar questions above, which will give you, we think, the information you require.

6½ PER CENT. INTEREST

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JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Court of Appeal.

Whatever else may be said of the Court of Appeal—and constituted as it is, little that is not complimentary can justly be said about it—No. 1 Court is no longer, as in the Esher days, a one-man court, and, if possible, No. 2 is even less so. The present Master of the Rolls is the very pink of propriety, and seldom interferes with the argument of counsel. It is much the same with Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, and, in less degree, with his junior "brother," Lord Justice Farwell, but neither of these learned Judges is deferential to the Master of the Rolls as, say, Lopes was to Esher. In Court No. 2 Lord Justice Moulton—who, by the way, seems a little consciously "out of it" during the frequent consultations of his two learned brethren—is seldom content that a case should end with a mere assent on his part, and not unseldom differs from the President's conclusions, whilst Lord Justice Buckley is among the last to allow his judgment to be overruled by the opinion of a senior colleague. Perhaps there is a little danger in Court No. 2, as now constituted, of undue attention to technicalities, but Lord Justice Moulton should be a counterbalancing influence. When, by the way, are we to have a third Court of Appeal? Arrears will never be got under until a third Court is constituted, not as is sometimes done nowadays by getting the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the President of the Probate Division to make a third Court—a ridiculous arrangement which robs Peter to pay Paul. Sir John Barnes, Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, Mr. Justice Bigham (or Channell) would make a strong Court, and the business of the lower Courts might be done by the remaining Judges if only circuits were rearranged, and County Court jurisdiction extended. If only!

An Interesting Point.

An interesting point has been raised as to whether the managers of the Barnardo Homes are justified in accepting the very large bequest made them by the proprietors of Bile Beans, upon the condition that the Homes must retain the shares. As we demonstrated in our issue of August 4th, the creator of Bile Beans was an impudent and fraudulent quack, who made the most preposterous statements as to the composition of the pills, and was pilloried by the Highest Scotch Court as an impudent quack.

Is it right that such an institution as the Barnardo Homes should accept monies made by means of fraudulent misrepresentation? The question is complicated by the condition of the bequest, which prohibits the managers of the Homes from turning the bequest into cash, and as shareholders they become, it may be said, partners in the fraud. The answer would seem to be that the managers of the Homes cannot properly accept the bequest. It is not the case of an ordinary quack medicine about which there may be doubts, but of one whose claims to the public confidence have been examined by the highest legal authorities in Scotland, and pronounced fraudulent. It is a much stronger case as against acceptance than that of the authorities of St. Paul's, who returned Mr. Hooley's gift of gold plate when he became a bankrupt. On the other hand, if charitable institutions are to examine minutely the means by which donors make their money, it is to be feared that the list of donations will be very seriously curtailed. They have no such scruples in Yankee-land.

Motor Drivers and Accidents.

With reference to the paragraph that appeared in our issue of November 17th, under this title, we have received the following letter from the plaintiff:—

> In reading last week's JOHN BULL I was rather surprised to find the account of my case (Legge v. London and District Motor 'Bus Company). I had laid the paper aside when my brother called my attention to it, and yours is the only paper that I have seen the account of the case in that has criticised Justice Selfe's action in reversing the jury's verdict. Judge Selfe said there was not sufficient evidence of negligence, but that he was convinced that motor 'bus drivers came under the Employers' Liability Act. The cause of the accident was through the tongue not sliding back when the engine started, and thereby caused the starting handle to revolve with the crank shaft. On the Tuesday before the accident the engine "back fired," and sheared the pins off the connecting piece. On the Wednesday another handle was put on the engine. On Thursday the engine would not start, so I called charge-hand Spicer, and told him there was something wrong with the engine. He looked at it and said there was nothing wrong with it, and after a time he got it to start, telling me to get it filled with petrol. We have to stop all engines while having the tanks filled, and while re-starting the handle went round with the engine, and broke my arm badly. Mr. Field (chief engineer), Mr. Sargent (night foreman), Mr. Flaxman (foreman over the drivers), in giving their evidence, said the reason the tongue did not release itself was that I had bent it in starting the engine, and that it was of soft metal. When the Judge asked Mr. Field if he had brought the tongue with him, he said that it had been straightened and used again. If the metal the tongue was made of was soft, why was it used again? Was it to break another's driver's arm? I am told by my solicitor (Mr. Appleton) that another County-Court Judge said (I believe it was Shoreditch) that motor 'bus drivers do not come under the Employers' Liability Act.

A perusal of this letter only confirms our opinion that the plaintiff, Mr. Legge, has been very unjustly treated. Surely the directors of the Company will make him a reasonable offer in the way of damages? They must know quite well that upon the merits they should do so, and we cannot doubt that this course will commend itself to them when they think the thing out.

Mr. Justice Grantham Again.

The latest to protest against Mr. Justice Grantham's observations from the Bench is the Kingston Town Council. At a recent trial to which it was a party, Mr. Justice Grantham thought fit to say that "the Corporation had deliberately misled the plaintiff." The Council has replied by moving and unanimously adopting the following resolution:—

> "That the remarks reported to have been made by Mr. Justice Grantham were entirely uncalled for, and that there is no ground for any allegation of deceit on the part of the Town Clerk or the Corporation."

We know nothing of the merits, but resolutions of this sort, coming from public bodies, do not tend to raise the Bench in the estimation of the public. Perhaps the severest thing said at the discussion of the motion was Mr. Councillor Gibson's remark that he thought that, "knowing the nature of Judge Grantham's erratic comments on all manner of persons and things, they would do best to let his criticisms severely alone."

LEGAL ANSWERS.

[We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.]

AUTHORISATION OF PLANS.—STRACEY (Pembroke).—The plans must be submitted to and passed by the authority before the building is commenced.

STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.—SAMUEL (Goring).—The claim is barred by the Statute of Limitations. If you can, you had better get a written acknowledgment of the debt, and so take the case out of the Statute.

INSANITARY HOUSES.—ELLIOTT (Hoxton).—If the house is in an insanitary condition you are not bound to remain in it. Whether the arrears of rent can be claimed depends upon the facts. Send us a complete statement.

VALIDITY OF ORDER.—WATSON (Swansea).—The order of the Borough Council is valid, and it obtained the approval of the Secretary of State. You will be liable to be fined if you break it. The composition will have to be submitted to a meeting of creditors, and must be approved by the Court.

LEGACY DUTY.—RAY (Sidmouth).—Legacy duty will be payable on the charitable legacies unless they are given free of legacy duty, when the duty will be payable out of the general estate.

REGISTRATION.—SKERNE (Faversham).—As a person interested, you can obtain an order extending the time for registration. See Section 14 of the Companies Act, 1900.

RIGHT OF EXECUTOR.—POTTER (Aldershot).—The executor is entitled to deduct the debt due to him at once.

OVERHANGING TREES.—WATTS (Avonmouth).—You are entitled to lop the overhanging trees. No notice is necessary.

BUILDING CONTRACT.—BRIGDEN (Blackpool).—The instructions given appear to have been fully carried out, and you are bound by the terms of the contract.

INTERPRETATION OF DEED.—STREET (Broadstairs).—We cannot say without looking at the deed you signed. Send us a copy for perusal. The wife dying intestate, the property passes to the husband, so far as personal estate is concerned, and he takes a life interest in the freeholds.

UNREGISTERED CHARGE.—MATTHEWS (Lancaster).—An unregistered charge in favour of a director is not a good security. You can prove only as an ordinary creditor.

LIABILITY FOR RENT.—DRISCOLL (Manchester).—The tenant is liable for the rent to the date of the expiration of the notice.

SURRENDER OF DEEDS.—NORMAN (Wigan).—Tax the solicitor's bill on the usual order and apply for delivery up of the deeds.

STATUTORY NOTICE.—GREY (Hertford).—To be safe the executors should insert the usual statutory notice for creditors in the *London Gazette*, and it is advisable to advertise in local newspapers.

SAMPLE FOR ANALYSIS.—VERNEY (Buckingham).—The inspector must state at the time of purchase that he is purchasing for the purpose of analysis, must seal the samples, and leave one with the dairyman.

VALID NOTICE.—BROWNING (Maidstone).—The notice of dismissal is a good notice, and was evidently justified for the breach of the regulations.

INVALID CLAIM.—MARTIN (Windsor).—The claim is not enforceable at law. Do not attempt to enforce it, as you will be certain to fail.

ENFORCEMENT OF CLAIM.—FARMER (Eastbourne).—It is quite possible to recover, but the evidence must be very strong.

INVALID DEED.—NIL DESPERANDUM (Cricklewood).—The deed would be void in bankruptcy if you were insolvent when it was made, but not otherwise. You cannot postpone payment if the creditors press, but you should leave them to make you bankrupt.

G. W. P. (New Barnet) asks our advice under the following circumstances: He was engaged by a large furnishing firm to send "news" pars. to the Press, from his private address and in his own name, containing a concealed puff of his employers' business. In such capacity, he victimised many of the leading journals. After a time, he kicked at the work, and was dismissed. He now finds that he has been blacklisted by the newspaper offices, and is unable to follow his profession as a "journalist." He asks us whether, in such circumstances, he can sue his former employers for damages. He says that immediately a writ was issued the firm would pay in order to escape exposure, but we are afraid we cannot assist him, as he was a consenting party to the deception adopted, and should have considered the consequences. In addition, the action would, in our opinion, partake of the nature of blackmail. It is a maxim of equity that everyone must come into court with clean hands.

COST OF DISCHARGE.—J. G. F. (Kilburn).—You should apply to the court for your discharge, and as you can do this personally it will not cost you more than the value of the stamps (about 20s.). The officials of the Bankruptcy Department at Carey Street, W.C., will give you all information.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.—C. B. (Bournemouth).—The settlement having been made in consideration of marriage, cannot now be revoked except on application to the Court, for good reason. The sisters would object to this, and you would therefore not succeed.

(Many replies stand over.)

ADVERTISER, well up in the legal profession, having had over thirty-eight years' experience, seeks Situation. Willing to do anything. Good references.—D., 3, Kensal Road, Westbourne Park, W.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

(Being the letters of Miss Peggy Warrender, of Richmond, Va., to her favourite aunt.)

DEAR AUNT LAURA,—I am writing this from the depths of an arm-chair, six inches from a grate fire which refuses to keep me warm. I am surrounded by British cold, I am breathing it in, and I think it would take two days of Florida beaches before I could speak again without my teeth chattering. No wonder this people lack vivacity. I think about three generations in this climate ought to produce an Esquimau. But "where ignorance is bliss" you know. They seem to be so supremely unmindful of the fact that they lack any of the comforts of life. And if I were to begin to enumerate to you the things I have been used to all my life which I cannot find in "merrie England" this letter would require too much postage. I must, however, tell you of two which we have been continually forced to observe. The first I should call the inability to secure what you need at the moment you need it. You may get it an hour or a day or a week later, but to get it on the minute—never! Helen sent a dress to the cleaner's, which she needed in two days. They told her she might possibly get it in ten! I started out to get a copy of Lowell, and after going to seven book-stores and spending heaven knows how much cab-fare, I was informed at the seventh place that they really kept Lowell in stock, but that they didn't happen to have a copy at the moment. However, they could easily get it for me in two weeks and a half! I'm sure an Englishman might even find Alfred Austin in Keokuk, Iowa, if he inquired. There is time for everything, but, according to our ideas, it is never the right time. We had some friends stopping at what is considered the best hotel in London. Dad called them on the telephone at midnight—half an hour after we had left them at the theatre—to make an arrangement for the next day. He was informed that it was too late to get that hotel on the telephone. He called in the morning at half-past eight, and then it was too early.

As to the second quality I mentioned, it might be called a general lack of definiteness. If you wish to go to the theatre in London, you may easily find what is being played, but you never could find where it was being played. In spite of the fact that during the season there are one hundred thousand Americans in London, to say nothing of all the other foreigners, they take it for granted that everyone carries a map of London in his mind. One night we drove from the Cecil Hotel to the Savoy Theatre, which is the next building, because we had no idea where it was. If you ask a policeman in the street the direction of a certain place he replies something like this: "Take the fourth turning on the right and the seventh on the left and walk for ten minutes." Or if you inquire about a certain place, "How far is it from here?" they will say "Half an hour." Whether this means by express, by freight, or by the walk of an old man or young, you are left to guess. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

But don't think for a moment that we are not enjoying London. On the contrary, I think we love it much more than if we were born here. For if we were used to them always, how could we appreciate those queer little streets that begin nowhere and end nowhere, and the quaint customs that survive from past centuries, and the wonderful old churches that are better than all the histories you could read. London is like those great rocks that Uncle Joe used to take us out to see in the mountains, when we were studying geology, where each stratum meant an age, only the time marked on this old city is not called Neolithic or Paleolithic, but Roman and Saxon and Norman and Tudor. On the steamer I was reading Walter Besant's "London," which inspired me to suggest that we study it that way—in layers, as it were—the first day or so finding all the Roman remains, afterwards the Saxon, etc. We found this to be a splendid idea, as everything took much more definite shape in our minds. So, of course, we commenced with the Guildhall, whose venerable collection of antiquities gave us many an interesting hour. I don't know which I preferred, the museum or the pigeons. I never saw so many pigeons in my life as live around the Guildhall. They are like the guardians of the place. And they also belong to "old families," for never were birds more aristocratic and "to the manner born." They *allow* you to come and go, but you are only a stranger. The place is theirs.

There is also in the Guildhall a very interesting collection of the paintings of John Gilbert, who seems in his landscapes so much imbued with the spirit of Constable. He prefers historical subjects, however, and I think we stood longest before his "Morning of the Battle of Agincourt," which is a poem and a religion, all in one picture. And afterwards, when we were at Hampton Court, it was always Gilbert's Cardinal Wolsey, whom I seemed to see dominating the place. There are some half-dozen other well-known masters represented, mostly by untypical specimens, mixed in with pictures which have only a historical interest to the City of London.

After the Guildhall, we used to wander down Cheapside to St. Bartholomew's Church, or some such quiet place to rest awhile. How you would love St. Bartholomew's. I can see you now, with your sketch-book and your happy eyes, revelling in those wonderful arches, where the soft light falls so pleasantly. It is the oldest church in London, and not the least interesting thing about it is the long time it takes to find it. It is in the heart of a labyrinth of tiny streets and tinier passages, and your interest is the golden thread which leads you to it. It used to be an enormous edifice, but it came to grief amidst wars which destroyed it and progress which buried it, until now there is only a part of the choir and a ruined cloister to tell you what it was. And the tomb of the king's jester, who built it is still unspoiled of time. In the entrance, on a marble slab, are carved the names of all the monks and priests and Puritans and rectors, who have mediated there to the different faiths of England. I assure you, auntie dear, when you come out from there you don't want to talk for a very long time. And father usually had to meet a man about that time, and mother and Helen and I sat demurely on top of an omnibus and rode as far as it went. You positively cannot imagine how lovely it is to ride on the top of a 'bus. Mr. Gladstone said that was the only way to see London, and I'm sure he knew. You have to be an athelete to climb up, but you do feel so exalted after you're once there. And I think the most wonderful thing about it is that while you are watching the thousands of people and the countless vehicles always in motion, there is no noise, such as we know it. In the busiest time of the day there seems to be such a hush over everything. We have never been able to explain it—whether it is the macadamised pavements or the lack of street cars, with their noisy bells, or whether it is the natural soberness of the people. There never seems to be any excitement. Whatever it is, it's interesting.

From what we have observed, so far, we are all quite agreed about one thing, and that is that Englishmen dress a great deal better than American men, and that English women do not dress nearly as well as their sisters on our side. Of course, it seems awfully funny to us to see men going to business in top hats and frock coats. But at dinner and at the theatre they certainly do make a showing. They have plenty of time to cultivate the gentle art of wearing clothes; for, I understand over here they saunter into business at half-past ten in the morning and think they are early. And I'm sure no "gentleman" could be found in his office after tea-time. By the way, they serve tea in almost all the offices here, and if you have a very important message to telephone, and Central doesn't attend to you for half an hour, you don't need to fear that lightning has struck the line. Central has the tea habit, that's all. And you must smile your sweetest, and cultivate the grace of meekness, or you will be called "one of those impatient Yankees." For they call us all Yankees over here, irrespective of where we hail from. Can you imagine how it makes a Southern girl feel to be called a Yankee?

I might continue this letter indefinitely, but I'm quite sure Uncle Joe will have absorbed two mint julips now before you have finished reading it to him, and that's quite enough for one evening. Don't be surprised if it is more sober than my last—my next will be even more so, for I am becoming "staid and respectable," and am learning to hear and see funny things without laughing.

But I haven't yet learned that my Aunt Laura is not the dearest darling in the world, and worth the devotion of a hundred such girls as

HER PEGGY.

OUR CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

We regret that great pressure upon our space has prevented our dealing with the progress of this scheme in recent issues. We are glad, however, to state that a large army of "JOHN BULL"-ites are now earnestly at work in the hope of participating in our Christmas-box distribution—and we wish them all success. Many suggestions of an extremely valuable character have been made to us, and we hope and believe that none of those who are now so heartily working will be disappointed.

READERS (of any age, size, or sex) who want to know how to DEFEND themselves EFFICIENTLY against attacks by ruffians, burglars, etc., or how to DEVELOP the muscular system normally and symmetrically, or how to CURE chest or stomach complaints (indigestion, etc.), please send three penny stamps for book showing eight methods, and telling you all about the wonderful system of JU-JITSU—Japanese Physical Training and Self-Defence—to Professor VERNON SMITH (Instructor to London Volunteers), 203, High Holborn, W.C.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

Christmas Shopping.

With the coming of December the task, to some pleasurable, to others the reverse, of Christmas shopping will begin in earnest. Many members of the Royal family go the round of their pet shops in person, but the King and Queen always have vast selections of articles of all kinds submitted to them at Sandringham and Buckingham Palace, and make their purchases in the privacy of their own apartments. Sometimes when at Windsor, on occasions other than Christmas—a season that their Majesties always spend at Sandringham—the Queen and Princess Victoria go shopping together unattended, and when in Denmark Her Majesty and the Dowager Empress of Russia are constantly in and out of the shops. During their last visit they bought a good deal of bric-a-brac for their new villa there. With the younger members of the Royal circle the charm of shopping incognito is keenly enjoyed.

Anecdotes of a Duchess.

Talking of exalted personages passing incognito recalls an anecdote about a former Duchess of Orleans. In Paris, it is well known, the gallery of the theatre is called *le Paradis*, or Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans had a whim one evening to go to the play with only a *fille de chambre*, and to sit in the Paradise. A young officer, whose manners were rather free, happened to be sitting next the Duchess and opened conversation, and when the play was over concluded by offering her a supper, which she appeared to accept. He accompanied her downstairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into her carriage, bowed in silence, and was preparing to retire when she called out, "Where is the supper you promised me?" He bowed and replied, "In Paradise we are all equal; but I am not insensible of the profound respect which I owe you, madam, upon earth." This prompt and neat reply obtained for him a place in the duchess's carriage and at her table.

Fog and the Complexion.

There is one consolation about the fog. It is supposed, like morning dew, to be good for the complexion; but it is probably only the thin white fogs that carry with them any beauty-giving power. The best way of removing the effect of dark, dense fogs from the skin is with a toilet cream or vaporiser, afterwards polishing the face with a pad of cotton-wool moistened with eau de Cologne. This method of cleaning and freshening the skin from fog-laden atmosphere is far more successful than the use of soap and water. When the eyes smart from exposure to fog, a simple, effectual way to obtain relief is by bathing them with rose-water and performing gentle massage movements over the closed lids.

Parents and Children.

I am glad that Mrs. George Cadbury, who spoke so well at Tunbridge Wells the other day, believes that there exists to-day greater confidence between parents and children than there was formerly. I am not quite sure that I agree with her. I wish I did. I hope that she is right. In a great many cases that have come under my personal notice, the parents, I regret to say, are the last people to whom their children would go for advice, or to whom they would give their full confidences. I can only say with the poet, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true." "Only in late years," Mrs. Cadbury is reported to have said, "has the study of parental responsibility become at all common." This, happily, refutes some of the hard things that have been said of women from the pulpit, for the modern mother has been charged with neglect of her children along with many other sins of a more or less serious nature, and the general impression seems to be that the responsibilities of motherhood are—among the much-abused smart set, at least—lightly thrown aside in the chase after more exciting and less arduous things. Mrs. Cadbury's poignant words on the value of the home as a training ground for future citizens recall Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful lines—

"If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home; there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed down your own garden fair for all men's sight,
Before you plan to till another's soil."

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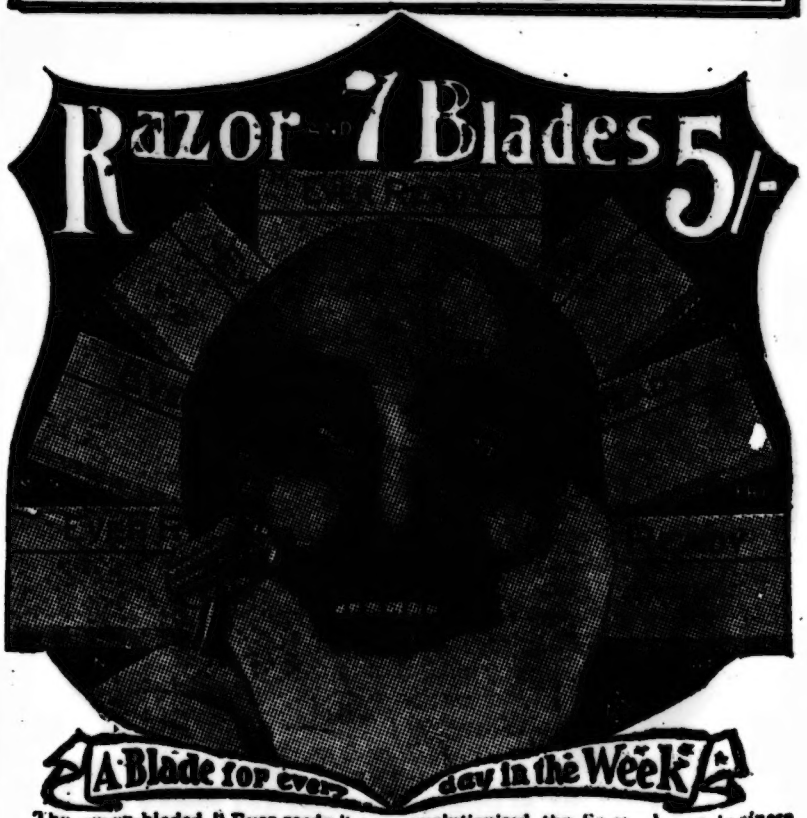

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THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

VII.—ACTIVE PLACE, SPA ROAD, BERMONDSEY.

Before dealing with the Insurance and Banking Departments of the Salvation Army, it may be useful to direct attention to what we may call its industrial section. Space will not allow us to examine closely the various branches of the business, but we take a representative place. It is known as the Spa Road Elevator. By that it is intended to convey the impression that the place elevates those who go to it, the dregs of the people. As to its dealing with the residuum, there can be no doubt or question. It is periodically recruited from the Whitechapel Social Headquarters, which deals with gaol-birds and the like. The work done at the Elevator is the sorting of paper. The Salvation Army sends round to business offices, and other places, vans which take away refuse paper. Most of these offices give it, a few sell it for a trifle. This paper is taken to the Elevator, is there screened, and is then sold, mostly for exportation. There is nothing to object to in this work, except its repulsiveness, and risk to health. Refuse paper has to be dealt with in some way or other, and it may as well be dealt with by the Salvation Army as by any other organisation. Work of the kind is the sort of work one would naturally allot to persons such as those who find their way to the Spa Road Elevator. It is not with the work itself that any fault can be found, but with the conditions under which it is done.

What are the facts? The paper is brought to the Elevator in sacks, weighed, and passed on to the men at the screens with a note of the weight. These men sort it—very filthy and offensive work—over the screens to get out the dust and dirt. The paper is then put into other sacks and weighed again. Each man must do 7 cwts. per day. For that he gets his food and bed. For every cwt. over 7 cwts. he gets 1½d., and he is allowed something for "loot," that is, he may collect printers' metal and so on, found in the paper, which may give him a few pence. The man begins work at 6.30 and goes on until 9 p.m., with half an hour for breakfast, from 8.30 till 9, one hour for dinner, from 1 to 2 o'clock, and half an hour for tea, from 6 to 6.30. That is to say, his working day is 13 hours on four days of the week. On Wednesday he leaves off at 6 o'clock, which reduces the working hours of that day to 10½, and on Saturday 1 o'clock, which reduces it for that day to 6½ hours. A good man would finish his 7 cwts. about 4 o'clock, but the average sorter takes the whole day at it. The swift worker may earn about 4d. a day from overtime, let us say from 2s. to 3s. a week, and that is all he can earn, assuming him to be skilful and industrious in high degree. The average man, being neither very skilful nor very industrious, just manages to do his 7 cwts. If he fails to do 7 cwts. he is kicked out.

For the commonest kind of paper when screened, the Salvation Army gets 1s. 6d. per cwt., for superior kinds very much more; but confining ourselves to the inferior stuff, which, no doubt, constitutes the larger portion of the stuff screened, it gets 1s. 6d. per cwt., or 10s. 6d. daily, for the screening of one man. Against this, in the way of working expenses, the Salvation Army has to pay the men who collect the paper, and who themselves live at the Elevator. These men, in addition to board and lodging, are paid 1s. a week—"a lousy bob a week," to use their own expression. And there is the cost of pressing into bales, and delivery. The profit that goes to the Army is large. It has been stated to amount to £10,000 gross per annum.

Now, we contend that if the Elevator was conducted, as it might be expected to be conducted by an organisation like the Salvation Army, much of that profit would go to the men. Speaking generally, the only remuneration they get for work that brings in the gross sum of half a guinea a day is their food and lodging. For breakfast they are ranged in two categories, one set having red tickets, and the other green; the red ticket men being those who do an exceptional amount of work. These red ticket men, who are better fed than the others, get for breakfast two slices of bread and margarine, with a mug of tea or coffee, and a kipper or red herring. For dinner, potatoes, cabbage, and some sort of meat, generally beef of extremely bad quality, with a rice pudding, or something similar. The tea fare is that of breakfast. The Army authorities themselves estimate the cost of feeding at 6d. a day, say 3s. 6d. a week, and the lodging at 4d. a night, say 2s. 4d., or, altogether, 5s. 10d. a week. That does not seem fair pay, even for such people as are drafted to the Spa Road Elevator.

But it is not only that these poor creatures, often worthless, no doubt, but still human, are paid a sweating wage. The primary object for which the Salvation Army exists, or is supposed to exist—that is to say, the spiritual reformation of the wastrel—is neglected altogether. There are no religious services during the week. The authorities do, indeed, desire the people who go to the Elevator to "accept salvation," as they call it. If a man does not go to the penitent form, and wear the uniform, he is at great disadvantage. A fact that puts a premium upon hypocrisy. But anyone may go to the Elevator, and remain there for a time, so long as he screens his 7 cwts. a day. On Sunday he is expected to go to a religious service at 11 o'clock, and compelled to go to one at 7 o'clock; but, with the exception of Sunday, there is no sign of religious services, the rule of the institute being that religious meetings are not to interfere with work. How is it possible, under these circumstances, to improve the moral condition of the residents of the place? It simply becomes a sweating-house, where men remain to work on sweating conditions until they can, or think they can, do better elsewhere, or return to the criminal haunts that have already made them acquainted with gaol. Nor is there any attempt to teach them habits of cleanliness. Most of the people at the Elevator are verminous. There are some baths, but the management does not insist upon their use, and the horrors of the place in this—and in other ways—will be better understood than described.

Such, briefly, is the Spa Road Elevator. Can it be pretended that it does the slightest good to the people who go to it? True, it gives them shelter, and a sort of food, but how does it help them to lift themselves above the residuum, to become once more decent men? It does not help them at all. No doubt many of them are worthless, lazy, ragamuffins, perhaps most of them, but under the system of the Spa Road Elevator, these ragamuffins are simply used for the purpose of making money for the Salvation Army. They go to the Elevator, and, after a time, disgusted with the conditions of their life there, they go away, not one whit better than when they entered, it may even be more soured and disgusted. Wherein lies the service to humanity in this?

[*We have not noticed anything in Mr. Manson's book on the Spa Road Elevator, but we hope he will not apply for another injunction when he reads—and we are glad to know he is our very attentive reader—what we say about it above.*]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

"The Confessions of a Princess." (John Long.)

"The Confessions of a Princess," published by John Long, is understood to have been written by the lady who began life as an Austrian Arch-Duchess, became Crown Princess of Saxony by marriage, and now resides in Florence as the Countess Montignoso. It is a mere record of life; a photograph, indeed, of the life-experience of an individual woman, with all the merits and all the shortcomings of a photograph. The book gives one an extraordinary impression of reality; it is as true—truer even, than the shorthand account of a trial in our divorce-court; but it has not the interest of a work of art; it has not the beauty of art, nor the significance and purification of art.

A Photograph of Life.

But the picture of Court Life at Dresden is extraordinarily faithful, full of unimaginable details which show the Royal personages as they live and move, in state-trappings, and in the intimacy of home. For this Royal Princess has no reticence: she is passionate, profligate, if you will; but at least she has the qualities of her defects: she is not ashamed to tell you what she does herself, and she is still less ashamed to tell you about the doings of her relations.

Her picture of her early life with her peevish father and severe-pious mother is vastly entertaining. She and her sister had to "get up every morning at five o'clock," it seems, "and be at prayer in the chapel at six. Particularly in winter, while it was still pitch-dark and the flag-stones were so cold! What good did it do mamma? Nothing could have made us really religious, and in the end we used simply, without any qualms of conscience, to read story-books during morning service. That was a very clever arrangement of mine! We used to tear out a handful of pages from the story-books, put them inside our prayer-books, and then bury ourselves in our reading all through the time in chapel, which went by much quicker then! It was rather a strain though, for one had to be very careful not to get found out, and, besides, it was very hard to read by the dim light of the tapers. If mamma had ever come to know of it, she would have half-killed us, I believe; it was not a pleasant thing at any time to get a box on the ear from mamma. My dear brother, Karl Joseph, once, at table, imitated Father Schnabel, our religious teacher, who always used to snort and smack his lips when he was eating, in a way that made us feel quite ill. But mamma gave Karl Joseph one—and the blood flowed all over his cheek. She does not hit with the palm of her hand, but with the back, so that the big rings she wears make it hurt twice as much."

The Pious Father Schnabel.

Then the Princess tells of the famous Father Schnabel, and how this pious preceptor, when she was fifteen, suddenly "altered his demeanour, was most indulgent, let me do as I liked, and was endlessly patient when I didn't know my lessons. At the same time he began playing tricks with his hands, but at first I had no idea what he was driving at. But when at last he touched my knee under the table with his hand, I did get frightened, and was always in a tremor then when the hour for his lesson arrived. He went on with his caresses, got more and more enterprising and bold, and at last I didn't know what to do, except to beg mamma not to leave me any longer alone with Schnabel during my lesson, but to let Fräulein von Trisburg be with me. Upon this, mamma gave me a box on the ear, and was terribly angry. She said I was a slandering, wicked girl; that I was committing a great sin in traducing so holy a man . . . ."

"The Brother to the Rescue."

At last the religious mother goes so far as to lock the girl in with Father Schnabel during the lesson, to show her perfect trust in the Confessor, and this is what followed:—

"Instantly he came over to me, and I only saved myself by taking the lighted lamp from the table, holding it in my hand, and saying: 'If you come three paces nearer, I'll throw the lamp in your face.' On that, he stopped, quite confused, whispering all sorts of things to me that I didn't perfectly understand, but which enraged and offended me, and which, defenceless as I was, I had to listen to. When the 'lesson' was over at last, and Schnabel left my room, he found, standing outside in the corridor, Karl Joseph (her seventeen-year-old brother, in whom she had confided), armed with the big hunting-whip! He slashed Schnabel across the face with it, and drove him before him downstairs, and through the passages, galleries and corridors, to the Father's own room. None of the servants made the least attempt to hinder my brother; they were all delighted that this bad man should get his deserts at last. Karl Joseph overdid it rather badly, though. He was a young man, half-crazy with anger and wounded honour and pride, and he could not restrain himself. So he rushed right into Schnabel's room, shut the door behind him, and then fell upon his victim, until Schnabel fell down bleeding and half-dead."

The Court at Dresden.

But these pen-pictures of the Princess's girlhood, faithful as they are, and amusing as they are, cannot compare with the photographs she gives us of the Saxon Royalties in minuteness of detail and absorbing interest.

The old pedant king, her husband's father, became absurdly jealous of her popularity, and it is the simple truth to say that the Crown Princess was adored by the people of Dresden. I have it on good authority that she was extremely kind to the poor, and always womanly familiar, as one might have expected from her nature. One day, when she arrived at the railway station in Dresden, and they tried to get her into the carriage unnoticed and unseen, though a crowd was waiting for her, she stopped at the door and refused for some time to enter the "little mouse-trap" of a carriage, while she held up her infant son to the people and got cheered to the echo. Here is a picture of her husband at the time:

"My brave lord and husband, I need not say, had let all *his* courage tumble down into the bottom of his big curassier boots, and kept whispering to me, 'For God's sake, get in. . . . What are you doing?' But I didn't pay much attention to him. I made him my accomplice; he had to stand beside me, graciously smiling and bowing in all directions; and it was not until I considered that the ovation had lasted long enough to be beyond all question sincere, that I allowed myself to be put into the carriage. But I ordered the servants to go at walking pace. And the equerry, Murbach, who was standing by, was so disconcerted, and my order was so peremptory, that he never got his wits together sufficiently to give a different order. . . . When we came to the Castle the cheers were so loud that no one could hear the Guards' drums. And it was a mischievous delight to me, for the whole comedy took place right in front of the King's window, so that he could have the satisfaction of seeing it all for himself. . . .

"Upstairs in our apartments, nothing but long faces! . . .

"The next morning I was with the Queen, while Johann was with the King. She received me very politely, but seemed to be a little out of humour, or as if she did not trust herself to be as kind as she would have liked. And at last she positively came out with: 'You are so popular, Anastasia. I have already been told what a beautiful reception you had yesterday'; and then she went on, in her whining, ill-tempered voice, and getting a red tip to her nose: 'Goodness! when I think how long I've been in Ebenstadt, and yet I've never been welcomed like you. . . .' Of course, that was a reproach, but I said nothing. . . . Poor Johann did not get on so well. The King was freezing, and spoke with high displeasure of the events of the day before: 'Tell your wife that I myself do everything I can to avoid such turbulent scenes, and that I shall expect from her in future a greater modesty, and not so much advertisement of herself. . . .'"

The Photograph of a King.

"How can one help reflecting, after that, that His Majesty has an unerring scent for a cheer; that he constantly travels all over the country merely for the sake of making public entries; that he spends whole hours wondering if there is any little town in his Kingdom that he has not 'entered' yet; and that he comes home quite out of humour if a single person has failed to salute him when he drives out. And that has lately been happening to him much oftener than he cares for. For the Socialists have given the word, *not to salute the King;* and now these fellows stare him insolently in the face when they see him, and keep their cigars in their mouths and their hats on their heads. The King is always half beside himself when anything like that happens. He would like to lock these people up, and give them their five-and-twenty lashes a day. He really said so, to Capernick or to his assistant." Poor little ill-natured puppet-King!

The King's Taste in Books.

The King shows his petty jealousy in a hundred ways; he tells her that she is a popularity-seeker, and at last comes to visit her in person in order to say that she "must not be in the streets all day long" (for she drives into Dresden in the afternoon to do her shopping), "he will not have it." But his jealous rage runs to madness when he suddenly dis-

covers in her room a book by Heine and Nietzsche's "Zarathustra": "He threw them all, with a crash, at my feet, came up quite close, and hissed into my face; 'who permits you to read this filth?' I summoned all my self-control, and answered him without flinching before his wrath, and just as straight in the face as he, 'In my own house I ask no one's permission as to what I choose to read.' And then he yelled at me like a corporal, 'You are in *my* house, not in your own. Remember that. I forbid you to read those filthy things; and I order these books to be immediately destroyed!' Of course, I could do nothing against that. When he snaps out 'the King' at one, one has to shut up and do what one's told. So I stood very stiffly and said, 'As your Majesty pleases!' and he went away, without looking at me. When he was well outside, and had shut the door behind him, my composure quite broke down. I ran into the bedroom, locked myself in, and cried like a little child for half an hour."

Nor did her officer husband defend her. "He cared nothing for the books," he said; "he had never read that sort of book in his life and he could never understand why I went on with such nonsense. I pointed out to him that my brother, Karl Joseph, who is a very cultured man, had given me my books, and that these particular ones were famous all over the world. "And what do I care if they are?" he cried. "They're Jewish books, simply godless, scribbling rubbish, that nobody but Jews should read."

The Plot Thickens.

Of course, after this the situation of the Princess became increasingly difficult; they took away her lady-in-waiting, and gave her a new woman, the Baroness Stifter, who was merely a spy. Her husband utterly deserted her with foolish words of would-be-dignity and drill:

"You do not appear to realise what it means to belong to the House of Menteburg. . . . If you don't know how to obey, you shall learn. Basta. Full stop. End of the debate."

In fact, from beginning to end, he acts the foolish part of a conventional German sub-lieutenant.

The Princess's Love Adventures.

It was rumoured in Dresden a good many years ago that the Crown Princess lived a rather romantic life; fell in love right and left, above-stairs and below, and didn't greatly care for consequences. The consequences came in due course, four or five of them, and in this book the Princess tells quite frankly of her adventures with their respective fathers. The book is astonishingly truthful.

The first man she gives herself to, seeks her; but after loving him she admits that she encourages the doctor (who was really her dentist) and finally falls in love herself at first sight, and declares herself to the young man. Here is the incident:

From Pursued to Pursuer.

"Once more I have fallen under the spell which already has brought me so much happiness and so much misery. What can I do? *C'est plus fort que moi!* Remorse is not in my nature—I have often said that before. I repent nothing of what is past, and I shall not now repent. On the contrary, I am happy, I live again. Now, at last, I am really myself once more. I know that.

"This time it was I who fell in love at first sight. It was at the Court Ball, and to this day I can't understand how I managed to dissemble so cleverly that no one noticed anything. I saw him opening the dance with a little Countess. He struck me at once, and the more I watched him the more he charmed me. He is taller than any of the other men, very slim, with a very distinguished figure; fair and beardless. A very young man, almost like a girl. I asked Trisburg who that was. She found out that he was Baron Schwedenberg, one of the best dancers in the Army or at Court, and he was to be at the Private Dance, too.

"I couldn't get his face out of my mind, and when at last the time for the private ball arrived, I entered the saloon with only one thought—to see him and to get to know him. He was presented to me, and I complimented him on his dancing. He smiled at me in reply, and I fell in love with him that instant. I longed to kiss his smiling mouth—so rose-red and so innocent! And his white, strong teeth shone out so when he smiled like that; and I longed to kiss his smiling eyes, too, so merry and so clear and blue. For the first time a man had such an effect on me that I conceived an incredible desire for him. I write this down, as it is—I am not ashamed. How could I be ashamed? For I think it is the most wonderful thing that can happen to me. While I'm writing these words I am trembling with longing for Egon. I remember so clearly the moment in which we first spoke to one another, that it seems to have only just happened; and I long for his kiss, his sweetness, and his love, as if I had not seen his charms for the first time only an hour ago!

"He must have seen the impression he made on me; he must have read in my eyes how he attracted and allured me. For he got red and seemed embarrassed, which simply enchanted me. Then I danced with him. Oh, how shall I describe it? I can only tell what I did. I pressed his hand, and finally whispered to him, 'I must speak to you somewhere.'

"And after that, there's very little more to tell."

This page or two, it seems to me, leaves little or nothing to be desired in the way of self-revelation. Periodically, one hears that Countess Montignoso is ecstatically happy in Florence, and periodically one hears that she is sunk in misery and despair. But she lives her life, and it is full to the brim with the wine which she desires. Who shall blame her, or judge? Certainly not I. I have enjoyed her book.

A Good Book.

And I will maintain before all and sundry that it is a good book, an excellent book, a book that had to be written, for it is but the forerunner of a series of other books like it, which shall teach humanity that hereditary kings and other dignitaries must be freed, for their own sake, if not for ours. These kings and princesses are nothing but spoiled children, jealous, ill-tempered, futile, insane. They don't deserve one's love and reverence, but pity and contempt; they are only puppets, and rather maleficent than beneficent puppets at that; they do good by chance and evil on principle. The sooner they are got rid of the better for everyone concerned, themselves included. And this princess brings the good time nearer by her exposure of them. Incidentally, too, she exposes herself, but her self-exposure is interesting: one gets to like her, were it only for her pluck and frankness of speech, and for her revolt against the conventions of her caste. Had she bowed to the conventions a year or two longer she would now have been Queen of Saxony: a Queen like Catherine of Russia, without Catherine's cruelty and masculine understanding. I only hope the Countess Montignoso will write another book about her life in Florence and show us how the upper middle and upper classes there toady a fallen Highness, for flunkeyism is of all classes.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

How Debtors are Treated in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison.

We propose to publish from time to time, under this heading, letters and other communications we may receive from the outside public, and which seem to us to come properly under the title of "Human Documents."

The opinions expressed will often probably be opposed to our own, but they will appeal in special degree to some section of the community, and should interest all. The letter we publish below gives a description of the treatment of prisoners for debt which we hesitate to accept as true, but it reads as if it were true, and if it be, it is surely a scandal and a disgrace to the Government and the country that it should be possible for men in prison for debt to be subjected to such treatment.

We invite the attention of the prison authorities to the statements of our correspondent, and our columns are open to any explanation they may desire to submit.

* * * *

There is one law for the poor debtor and another for the rich debtor. We are told that "the laws of England are the birthright of the people." Ours as much as the food we eat or as the clothes we wear. But what a farce and a delusion. We are told that imprisonment for debt is abolished! What another farce and snare.

How are prisoners for debt treated? Why, little less than ordinary prisoners. Directly a debtor enters the prison, he is searched, and made to stand nude before a warder. Is there any decency in this outrage? Is there any need at all for so disgusting and revolting an outrage upon a man who (in this instance at any rate) had a drunken wife who got into debt with a credit draper, a man whose average earnings were £1 5s. per week, out of which he had to pay rent and keep a family of seven! And worse remains, poor devil, because he had been taken on a warrant for contempt of court (what a phrase), by order of the County Court judge at Croydon, whilst at work, and, being in his working clothes, he was forced to wear the blue prison dress, the excuse being that his working clothes were unclean, *i.e.*, spots of whitewash being on his trousers. This poor chap was taken before the prison chaplain (!), who asked him how many were three 99's! He was then taken to the doctor, and from there proceeded to his cell, where for twenty-one days he was confined twenty-three hours out of twenty-four, and compelled to pick rope. He asked for permission to write to his master, and his request was refused. In the meantime one of his children was taken ill and died. And two days after the child's death a letter was handed to him by a bullying deputy-governor, who said, "I don't know whether I ought to give you this or not." Fancy, Sir, any man keeping such a letter from a father! Good God in heaven, are we a nation of pigs? Is human nature played out?

Then, Sir, again, the farce of the exercise. One hour is fondly imagined to be given to this solace. But, if it rains, no exercise takes place at all. Sometimes, in such weather, the "debtors" are allowed to stand at the side of the exercise ground, near the w.c., which is a wooden one, and stinks in a most offensive manner, for sometimes ordinary prisoners have just left, and the warders in charge have forgotten to let the water clear the sewer. On certain days the food is cruel. And in no case is it enough for a grown adult. Indeed, some days it simply consists of fat and bone, and hard, rotten potatoes. The man who is supposed to send the books round is an offensive cad, who compels you to sit down, whilst his majesty just leaves you any book he may please.

I write all this, Sir, because, now that we have you in Parliament, and a Liberal Government in power, something in the shape of a better condition of affairs may prevail in the "debtors" living at Wormwood Scrubbs Prison.

JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

[John Bull *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, P.C., M.P.

Dear Arthur James,—When do you intend to learn manners? I will gladly send you a shilling book on the subject if you decide to take up the study, which you will find interesting. You will remember that you raised a frantic squeal when "C.-B." cut you up with that deathless observation, "Enough of this foolery!" Yet the other evening you started a row in the House by stating, without the slightest provocation, that "C.-B." was teaching the House not to believe anything he said, and then tried to wriggle out of the plain meaning of words deliberately chosen. Oh, what a dialectical wriggler you are! You are like an eel in a frying pan; there is no holding you till you drop into the fire.

No doubt you are mortified because you are no longer Leader of the House, and are unable to dragoon it as you used to do. But as a philosopher you should really dissemble your resentment and bottle your choler. Remember that you are no longer sacrosanct. Your chance of keeping your memory green as a stained glass window is past. Not only are you found out, but you are played out. You had a long innings, though the only runs you scored were in running away from divisions on the Fiscal Question. Now that you are clean bowled, pray keep your tongue on the Civil List.

John Bull.

To Herr (or Myneer) Ferriera, Brother Boer.

Sir,—I do not yet know, in the absence of official papers, whether you are a filibuster, a conspirator, or a burglar on horseback, but I feel pretty certain, even without official papers, that you are either a lunatic or an ass. Nobody who was not one or the other would have started such an enterprise as yours in the first place, or, in the second, have allowed it to be nipped in the bud by a policeman. A Sufferingette would have managed the job better.

In pinchbeck revolutions, failure is not necessarily a crime, but it is certainly an 'orrible blunder, and unless you can prove that you are a lunatic, unfit to be at large without a keeper, I fear that you will not remain much longer in this world to enjoy your dinner. Lunacy, indeed, is your only line of defence, for the plea that you are merely an ass will not save a hair of your head.

John Bull.

To Jeremiah MacVeagh, Esq., M.P., of the Sisther Isle.

Dear Jeremiah,—If you go on like you have been doing lately you will move Haldane to lamentations. No doubt the War Minister saw the statement in the Press that 300 sofas were among the new furniture ordered into the new Palace of Varieties in Whitehall, but I doubt whether he anticipated you would ask a question about it.

The answer you got reminds me of the boy who rushed into the back kitchen shouting, "Mother! Mother! There are thousands of cats in our yard." "No, my boy, surely not?" replied the anxious mother. "Well," was the reply, "I saw our cat and another." According to Mr. Haldane, those three hundred new sofas turn out to be one for the resident clerks and one for the lady typists when they desire to faint. But you may have noticed that Mr. Haldane confined his answer to new sofas. He did not divulge the number of sofas which are already a part of the plant.

I do not suppose the War Minister needs a sofa for himself, for I believe he makes it a rule never to do more than the work of three men. But some of his predecessors must have been well supplied, for they were often caught napping. Indeed, One Man, One Sofa, was then the Parliamentary allowance, and the whole of the higher officials rested from ten to four, with suitable intervals for luncheon.

John Bull.

AT THE POINT OF THE HAT-PIN!

(The Suffragettes have declared war to the knife against the Government until they bring in a Bill to give women the vote.)

"DRINK OR DIE!"

(However, just then the police came along, and——. Holloway again!)

REMINISCENCES.

By Herbert Vivian.

After all, thank God, we are an insular people. The enormous advantages thereof need not be emphasized for intelligent readers. One disadvantage is that we are slow to make ourselves familiar with foreign thought and foreign literature. I readily admit that foreigners are our inferiors, but there is often much to be learned from them, if only what to avoid.

In dealing with such foreigners as have crossed my horizon, I am perplexed not so much by what to avoid as by what names to choose with the hope that they may arouse interest in England. It is, however, safe to assume that a meed of recollection may be conceded to Dumas, the Younger, Zola, and a few others.

DUMAS, THE YOUNGER.

It has been wittily said of Dumas, the Elder, that he was an overgrown child, whom Dumas, the Younger, begat very early in life. But Dumas, the Younger (I like the name, for it reminds me of Disraeli, the Younger), certainly inherited, perhaps developed, his father's juvenility. He reminded me of Corney Grain impersonating an Eton schoolboy. Every moment I expected him to put his hands into his pockets and whistle. In his magnificent saloons, full of fragile furniture and precious nicknacks, I trembled lest this big baby should break out into high spirits and destroy. But his gentle manner reassured. The grip of his huge hands was soothing and paternal. The negroid eyes possessed a bovine restfulness. With his bigness, humour, and quiet dignity, he recalled a tame elephant; and this impression was accentuated by his clothes, which were several sizes too large, and hung about him in pachydermatous wrinkles.

Mock Modesty.

He loved to talk about himself, and he loved to surprise. Again and again he insisted upon his laziness, his stupidity, his lack of imagination. He always found work an effort, and would never put pen to paper if he did not take himself by the shoulders and shake himself. The only chance for him was to begin very early in the morning, before more tempting distractions occurred to his mind and led him astray from the paths of duty. So soon as he had done enough to satisfy his conscience, he would knock off work for the day. His constant ambition was to be rid of work at the first possible moment and give himself over to enjoyment.

Reluctance to Work.

The reason he hated work was that he found the manual execution distasteful. All sorts of brilliant ideas might occur, but it was grief and sorrow for him to set pen to paper. He would not dictate or use a typewriter, because he fancied there was some subtle connection between the brain and the pen. Half the battle was to see words as he wrote them, and each word had for him a physiognomy of its own. To think out plots and characters was a pleasure, and he indulged in it at all times of the day and night. But even when he knew what he wanted to write he shrank from the physical labour. He was not, however, incapable of effort, and could work rapidly at a pinch. "La Dame aux Camélias" only took him eight days, "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" twenty days, and "Monsieur Alphonse" seventeen days. "Le Demi-monde" took much longer, but that was because he made a mistake and had to write it all over again.

Live Models.

He told me that he supplemented the defects of his imagination by making his characters out of real people. This, he said, could always be done so that the victim recognised his neighbour, but never himself. He confessed that he frequently used his own personality to build up a character, and admitted M. Dorion, M. de Jalin, and others as autobiographical.

ZOLA.

The personality of Dumas was friendly and sympathetic and superficial. That of Zola was just the reverse: grudging, suspicious and profound. He was an honest snob, a magnificent cynic, an amateur Jew, a bundle of inconsistencies. I remember being told by a journalist that he interviewed Zola on two occasions. The first time he called in tweeds, for it was August. Zola was very short with him, asked him what he wanted, said he did not care about interviews, talked for about an hour, and then curtly dismissed him. The other time the journalist wore a frock-coat. Zola treated him as an equal, almost as a superior, deferred to his opinions, flattered, fawned. The characteristic note was struck at the moment of parting. The journalist in tweeds had to find his own way downstairs. The same man in a frock-coat was escorted right out on to the pavement.

A Candid Cynic.

Still, when you knew and understood Zola, there were many attractions. He had not a pleasant face, and the only pleasant thing about his manner was the assured repose. He usually received me in his billiard-room, almost the only uncomfortable place in his luxurious palace. There was always a strain at first, a méfiance, almost a sense of hostility. He never became genial or expansive, but he seemed to appreciate a sense of humour, which he did not quite share, and his cynicism was not far removed from wit. I shall never forget his face when I once asked him about the influence of his books. I drooped my eyes with unctuous rectitude, I turned down the corners of my lips, I rolled myself into a ball like a Puritan, and enquired with my tongue in my cheek: "Have you ever thought of the effect of your books upon mankind? Have you considered your responsibilities as a preacher to a vast congregation?" He watched me sourly for some minutes, and I do not know even now whether he decided that I was a prig or only a fool. He gave me an answer which would have suited either supposition: "My only concern is that they influence a very large public. My last book, for instance, is already in its hundredth thousand." "Yes," I persisted, "but how do you influence them for good?" Then he shrugged his shoulders, and a faint smile flitted through his colourless eyes. "My only concern is to make them buy my books," he said.

Methods of Composition.

He loved to talk about his literary methods. The way he wrote "Lourdes" may be taken as typical. "I was travelling with my wife in the Pyrenees," he said, "and, happening to go to Lourdes, I was impressed by the quaint mediæval aspect of the place. When I had made up my mind to write a book about it, I did not sit down and concoct a plot. That is not a thing I ever do. I sat down at Lourdes and proceeded to imbibe impressions for two or three weeks. I make it a rule not to remain in a place too long when I am preparing a book. The first effect is the important one. If you stay a year, you do not improve upon that effect. You rather confuse it. A novelist has three sources of inspiration: (1) What he sees; (2) what he hears; and (3) what he reads. I always make a point of reading everything which has been written about my subjects, and I make voluminous notes. Then I go home, still without a plot or story of any kind in my mind. But I have collected a certain number of types, and I gradually develop them into characters. I live with them on a stage in front of me, I let them act, and events evolve themselves naturally. The characters give me my plot by degrees. At last I map out a plan for my book and there only remains the actual writing to be done. That is the simplest part of my task, a mere piece of mechanical work like embroidering tapestry. I often say to people, "I have now finished my book; I have only to write it!"

Neo-Catholicism.

His various studies were conducted with a philosophic detachment, which excluded all possibility of sympathy. He was the observer, the dissector, the vivisectionist, if you please, always aloof, always instructive. I remember an interesting conversation, when he gave me his views about neo-Catholicism and Anarchy. "Neo-Catholicism," he said, "is an attempt to bring the Catholic religion into harmony with the democracy. Primitive Christianity was practical Socialism. The primitive Christianity of Lourdes, therefore, comes into contact with neo-Catholicism at one important point. At Lourdes you have the faith of the little child, the faith which does not discuss, but simply accepts what is dispensed by authority. But at Rome we have a Catholicism which is more refined and more intellectual, which aims at keeping pace with the times, which says, 'If we make alliance with the aristocracy, as we have done for centuries, we risk being swept away with the aristocracy; if we wish our religion to move the world, we must harmonise it with the spirit of the age.' This neo-Catholicism, or Christian Socialism, as some prefer to call it, may make of religion a real living power, very different from the sleepy survival which many think it was threatening to become. Leo XIII. placed himself at the head of a marvellous movement for reconciling Catholicism with the French Republic, and, indeed, with democracy everywhere, and all the signs of the times point to the fact that his action will be followed and imitated on a prodigious scale such as few people have yet realised."

From which it will appear that Zola was a better novelist than prophet.

(To be continued.)

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A TALK WITH EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES.

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COUSIN MILLY.

By Amy F. Cackett.

All the way to the station I was haunted by a presentiment that I had forgotten something, and when I am so troubled—which is pretty often—my feelings are generally fully justified.

When I had reached the platform, and the guard held open the door of an invitingly comfortable first-class smoker, I suddenly remembered the cause of my discomfiture. I put my hand to my breast pocket, and found no resisting bulk—it yielded to pressure. Perhaps some improper words escaped my lips, perhaps the guard was a student of expressions and read mine rightly. At any rate, he swung to the door, and waved his green flag without a word; and the next instant I was left trainless with plenty of room to spread myself out and think of suitably opprobrious terms with which to lash my unprotesting person. For I had forgotten the *raison d'être* of my intended journey—the bracelet which I was about to present to Melinda.

Melinda is a perfect specimen of sweet unreasonableness. On the return journey to my flat my mind was entirely occupied with the problem of how to account to her for having lost the train without incidentally telling the truth. The truth I knew would lead to argument; and somehow Melinda always manages to prove that she is in the right. By a process of ignoring the statements of the other side, she would settle that if I forgot the bracelet I could not have been thinking of her, and as a protest she would proceed to ignore my presence.

I rejected lie after lie as unworthy the test of Melinda's scrutiny. My mind was so engrossed with the subject that when I entered my den and found it occupied I could not for a moment grasp the situation.

The occupant did, though; she started to her feet with a look of confused defiance. I simply stared; I found her worth it.

Perhaps she saw the growing admiration in my eyes. I certainly saw growing confidence in hers.

"I thought, as the door was open, you'd be back soon, so I came in," she murmured. Then, with an appealing, bewitching upward glance, and an indescribable catch in her voice: "I hope you do not mind?"

"Mind!" I said, enthusiastically, "I'd never have forgiven myself if I had shut the door and deprived myself of such a charming visitor. I should have had the door removed from its hinges as a penance."

"Too extravagant to be effective," she said, critically, her protesting pout making her look bewilderingly pretty.

"But was I really fool enough to leave the door open?" I asked, seriously.

"That sounds sincere, but contradictory," she laughed, musically.

Each expression suited her better than the last.

"I don't like to call names," she continued, "but here I am inside, you see. Of course, if you are too busy——"

"Not a bit of it," I exclaimed, hastily. "Tell me why you—er——"

"Why? To see you, of course," she replied, with a charming expression of arch surprise.

"Yes, naturally," I agreed. "How stupid of me. But might I ask——. I know I ought to remember that, too. In fact, I do remember your face, but can't fix where I've——"

"I think you are just horrid not to remember," she broke in, and she was pathetic almost to the verge of tears.

I struggled in vain with my memory.

"Although it is a long time, and photos aren't very——"

Light began to break.

"You're not——" I began, doubtingly, hesitatingly.

"Yes, I am. Who else could I be?" she protested.

"What! Not Cousin Milly!" I cried, joyfully.

"Of course," she exclaimed. "Who else would come right in like that? What horrid people you must have in London. I feel very hurt."

"My dear girl," I said; "I'm most awfully glad to see you; but your boat was not due till to-morrow."

"Ah," she replied, archly; "my eagerness to see you must have lent it wings. It got in to-day."

"And Auntie?" I queried.

She laughed fetchingly.

"The last I saw of her," she gurgled, "she was in a four-wheeler, packed tightly between the special boxes she would have under her own eye. I slipped off to see you, and" (poutingly) "you didn't even know me."

"It's the fault of those photos," I declared. "They are not a bit like."

"Do they flatter me so much, then?"

"They couldn't do that," I said, fervently. "By the way, haven't cousins certain privileges?"

"Dear me! I meant to study the subject of cousinly etiquette on the voyage," she said, archly, "but I quite forgot. I suppose I shall have to trust to your knowledge of the matter."

"I am perfectly well primed on the point," I replied, "and their privileges are quite clearly defined."

"What are they?" she murmured.

Her eyes would have stirred the blood in the dusty veins of an Egyptian mummy.

Somehow those kisses reminded me of Melinda's, and Melinda of the bracelet for which I had returned.

My eyes wandered to the corner of my writing-table, where I thought I had left it. It certainly was not there now. Thoughtfully I went to the table and began to move the things about.

"Oh, if you are going to be dreadfully busy," said Cousin Milly, "I am going."

I sprang to the door in time to stop her from slipping away.

"Dear girl, of course I am coming with you," I said, glancing at my watch. "I can give you an hour."

"Well, come at once then, and give me some lunch. I am fearfully hungry. I simply cannot wait another moment."

"I must just find—er—what I was looking for," I said, returning to the desk and energetically tossing the things over.

Suddenly both my hands and eyes were arrested by some strangely-shaped, unfamiliar objects which my movements had brought to the top of the various papers and things gathered on the table. I gazed at them in horrified astonishment, until my attention was attracted by the click of the door. Cousin Milly was again slipping away.

"You are so long," she protested, as she guiltily avoided my reproachful eye, "and I am so hungry."

"I am awfully sorry," I began, "but I can't for the life of me think ——"

"I am not used to being kept waiting," she broke in, stamping her foot petulantly.

"But you promised to wait for me, you know," I said, putting a restraining hand on her arm, and mischievously reminding her of an agreement between us, bound by a broken sixpence, and made in our very, very young days. My mind was still busy with the strange articles on the table; and the bracelet—what on earth had I done with that bracelet?

To my surprise, Cousin Milly answered angrily, almost with a sob:

"It is you who have not waited," she exclaimed. "I am sure you've not. I can see that you are thinking of another woman all the time you are talking to me. I'll not stay for you another minute."

"You shall not," I said, my mind still busy. "I will come at once."

As I slipped into my coat and gloves she brightened and returned to her petulant pout.

"You might have waited until I came over just to see if you'd have liked to keep your promise," she pouted, and sighed softly.

For the moment I wished I had, as I looked into her melting eyes. But how on earth was I to know that stodgy little cousin Milly was going to grow into such a charming specimen of deliciously changeful womanhood?

Well, at any rate, the next hour was mine, and I would enjoy it.

Gaily I took Cousin Milly's arm, and we made for the door; when rat, tat, tat, tat! went the knock of the telegraph boy. Cousin Milly drew back with a tiny scream of fright which surprised me. She was shaking, too, from head to foot. I tightened my hold on her arm to reassure her as I took the telegram from the boy and shut the door. But when I looked up at her she was all smiles.

"My poor lunch! Do read it as we go along," she said, coaxingly. "I am quite faint and nervous for want of it."

"Poor old girl, you are trembling a bit. But it may alter things, and it won't take an instant to read," I said, as I tore open the envelope.

"Don't trouble to meet boat to-morrow," it ran. "We did not sail. Coming by next.—Cousin Milly."

My companion's arm struggled for release, but I held it securely. I looked up—the confused, defiant expression had returned.

I drew her back into the room and turned the key.

"These are yours, I suppose?" I asked, holding up the mysterious articles.

She nodded her head sullenly.

"What are they?" I continued, honestly ignorant, but making a shrewd guess.

"Skeleton keys and a jemmy," she snapped.

"I thought so," I murmured. Then I held out my hand.

Slowly she put her hand into the capacious pockets and drew out several articles of value which had once been mine. Last, but not least, came the bracelet. I sat thoughtfully looking at them, while she fidgetted around.

"Have you been fooling me? Have you known all the time?" she burst out at last.

"I haven't known, but I've had my doubts," I replied. "That is why I kept such a tight hold. You are so much better-looking than Cousin Milly, you see," I said reflectively. She turned away bitterly.

"What are you going to do—lock me up, after torturing me for half-an-hour?" she asked.

"Have you ever been locked up?" I asked.

She looked at me with shuddering eyes. "No," she whispered, with a shiver, "No, not yet."

"Umph!" I replied, thoughtfully. "No, I shall not lock you up." "May I go, then?" she asked, eagerly.

"Still wanting your lunch?" I smiled.

She coloured. Really she seemed hopeful.

"Answer me two or three questions truthfully, and you shall go," I said. "Where have I seen you?"

"In the shop where you bought that," she replied, sullenly, pointing to the bracelet. "You gave them your address to send your watch home, and told them you were going away by the 11.15 and would not be back till to-morrow."

"Dear me—very simple! How careful one has to be! I must write down such information in future."

She had the decency to blush again.

"And how did you think of impersonating Cousin Milly?"

"You suggested that yourself," she protested, "and I had happened to read her letter on the table there."

"Quite simple again. You are really not half as clever as I've been thinking you were. And now, last question of all—why did you do it?"

"Because I was born with a taste for luxuries and no means to supply them, I suppose," she said, defiantly.

"Why not work for them honestly?" I asked, feeling some sympathy. I am fond of luxuries myself, but able to supply them.

"Do the people who work honestly ever get the luxuries?" she asked, contemptuously.

"Well," I said, somewhat startled at that aspect of the case, "perhaps they don't."

"Look here," she said, stormily, "I am in your power, but sermons are useless. I am not made of the material out of which you fashion servants and shop girls."

I looked at her and knew that was true. I could not imagine her doing any kind of drudgery.

"Then you like your—profession?" I asked.

For a moment she was still defiant.

"Truthfully, you know," I said, gently.

Her defences were down.

"Like it!" she sobbed. "My God! if only I could work as they work—be as they are! But I can't, I can't!"

She spoke the truth. She couldn't; nature was against her.

"Have you tried the stage?" I queried. "You have ability in the acting line. Perhaps I could help——"

"Would you?" she asked, with an eagerness obviously sincere.

That afternoon I told Melinda the truth. The bracelet was very pretty and the story was interesting, so Melinda was kind. Together we made a sortie on our theatrical friends and now "Cousin Milly" is—well, quite a shining star in a small way.

The cousinly privileges slipped my memory at the time, and I've not thought it worth while to make a point of telling Melinda about them since.

THE BRITISH DUPLEX MOTOR.—The external appearance of the present-day motor-car is immeasurably superior to the first practical self-propelling vehicles. The driving mechanism—the engine—is, however, but little changed in design from that invented by Herr Daimler two decades ago; it still has three unremunerative strokes to every impulse. The British Duplex motor claims that it is the first to utilise this waste energy with an engine occupying one-half the space and weighing at least one-half less per horse-power. This is achieved with a much simpler construction, there being ten working parts less per cylinder as compared with the ordinary type. The smooth running of the engine is a noticeable feature, while the consumption of petrol is kept remarkably low. Its cost is one-half to one-third that of other makes! It is impossible to give here a technical description of the working parts of the engine, but if any of our readers interested in motors (and who is not nowadays?) failed to see their exhibit at the Olympia Show, they should make a point of calling at the works of the Motor Engine and Manufacturing Company, Ltd., 26, Eyre Street Hill, E.C., and inspecting the new engine.

BULL'S EYES.

[Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.]

CONSEQUENCES:—

One Shrieking Sister.....met.....Another Shrieking Sister.....in Palace Yard.....The First said, "Let's get locked up and be martyrs!".....The Second said, "Oh, how lovely!".....The consequence was.....they obstructed the police.....And the world said, "Breaking laws shows little fitness for making them, mesdames."

.....

A Poet.....met an Emperor.....on the spree.....The P. said, "Are we downhearted?".....The E. said, "Why is the world so harsh to me?".....The consequence was .....a pitiful plea for praise.....And the world said, "We wonder what his little game is?"

.....

A Deputation.....met.....the Premier.....at Westminster.....The D. said, "What about those Old-age Pensions?".....The P. said, "The spirit is willing, but the funds are weak.".....The consequence was..... nothing.....And the world said, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, Amen!"

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Holloway Gaol is to be called "*Halo*-way" for the future.

.....

That they say now, "*The Times is* out of joint."

.....

That Truth lies, not at the bottom of a well, but at Bolt Court.

.....

That if new peerages *are* created to pass the Education Bill, Lloyd-George will certainly be offered one.

.....

That the *Springboks'* favourite diet is "hot Scotch" and thistles.

.....

That to say "Are we downhearted?" is an offence of *lesé majesté* in Germany now.

.....

That the Suffragette deputation left John Burns' house singing "He ain't all lavender."

.....

That, by kind permission of the *Daily Mail*—

King Edward will continue to occupy the Throne.
A few other papers will still be published.
The Liberal Government will continue to exist.
Advertisers who are sufficiently humble will be permitted to carry on their business.
You may walk about and breathe.

LITERARY:—

The title of "Rosemary in Search of a Father" is suggestive of a bad memory; yet everyone remembers Ophelia's "Rosemary—that's for remembrance."

.....

Mr. Hocking's new novel is called "The Woman of Babylon." Presumably it will be bound in scarlet.

.....

Morice Gerard is bringing out his "Check to the King," 6s. Why remind us of the King's taxes before they become due?

.....

We presume a motor-car accident takes place in "The Man Who Rose Again."

An advertisement is headed, "Fits You Can Cure at Home." This must refer to the cheap suits so freely advertised.

Professor Herkomer says there is beauty in hatpins. They certainly do strike the eye.

The French dance "La Kraquette" has been introduced at the Pavilion. All the papers kraquette up.

It is suggested that schools shall fly the Union Jack during school hours. On half-holidays the flag would, no doubt, be half-masted.

Mr. Botha has declared that the "Het Volk" are going "No trumps." It is to be hoped they won't revolk.

An agony column announcement says, "Astonished to *find* you *missing*.—Waxy." Anybody would be.

The *Daily Mirror* is selling finished prints of its photos. Is this to give readers an opportunity of finding out what they really represented?

Mr. Carnegie has promised £200,000 a year for the furtherance of international peace. The Powers will be delighted to keep the pieces.

Speaking of sermons, the Bishop of Carlisle said, "If people would not listen to a discourse for half an hour, let them go." Did he finish?

Through the bursting of a spirit tank, 70,000 gallons of whiskey were lost last week at Glasgow. The town is in mourning.

The fear of being knocked down and killed by a motor-car caused a pedlar named Sands to hang himself. He could not bear the suspense.

The accounts of the L.C.C. tramways are not satisfactory. Evidently the trams should be run on different lines.

Problem for the S.P.C.A.: Is it more cruel to put a live whelk on a hook for bait than to keep a live trout or salmon in the same position for half an hour or more while landing it?

We hear that "Humpty-Dumpty" is to be one of the Christmas pantomimes. Why not "Humpty-Tumti"?

Madame Calvé is to marry a blind man. Matrimony will doubtless open his eyes.

Mr. Richard Croker, having no further use for Tammany, urges his successors to fight with clean weapons.

Mrs. Elsie Cleus Parsons, an American lady, is engaged in advocating "trial marriages." The lady appears to forget that it is only after marriage that the trials begin.

Herr Nikisch, the musical conductor at Leipzig, has just protested against ladies staring at him through their opera-glasses. If they conduct themselves like this, he will not be able to conduct himself, he says.

The *Daily Mail* is at the moment exercising itself over the difficulties some mothers have in inducing the Registrar to accept the names they select for their offspring. We remember the case of an excited young mother of twins, who in her agitation, when asked what names they were to have, replied "Steak and Kidney," instead of "Kate and Sydney."

A pessimistic contemporary says "matchmaking is a decaying industry." Mrs. Bull's attention has been drawn to the matter.

What Marie Lloyd said the evening before her wedding day: "Call me Hurley, mother dear!"

The seasons in St. Petersburg have quite changed about. The Czar generally leaves in the winter for the south on account of the extreme cold. This year he is leaving on account of the city being too warm.

It is denied that the few remaining millionaires in the country are forwarding a petition to Mr. Asquith. The rumour about the Chancellor and the "Evil eye" is, of course, absurd.

There are eight doctors in Mr. G. B. Shaw's new play. That ought to kill it.

"Violence is a necessary quality in those who seek great reforms." This is not the text of an article in a Socialist or anarchist organ, but an axiom laid down by *The Lady*.

Frenchmen drink about 3,700,000 gallons of absinthe yearly. Evidently Jacques Bonhomme believes that absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst thought prison work brutal, because "they had only their own minds to ponder over." Rather a *naïve* confession!

Twenty thousand gallons of good whisky watered the streets of Glasgow the other day. Talk about a land flowing with milk and honey! More than saxpenn'orth went bang that time.

The tenor who took the part of "Ipanoff" in "Fedora" at Covent Garden last week, stumbled over a rocking-chair and turned a somersault. Quite unconcerned, he proceeded on the even tenor of his way.

"The Catch of the Season":—The Boer Raiders.

Mr. Will Crooks says that he lives and sleeps on the Poplar Inquiry Report. We should have thought it would have kept him awake.

A delegate from the Carpenters' Union suggests a march on London with dynamite and bombs. No carpenter could express himself a great deal planer.

Pretty Mme. Antoinette Durand has become a cab-driver in Paris. The cab will always be a handsome one.

Agamya Guru Paramahansa, the chief Mahatma of all India, has come over here to convert people to the simple life. We suggest that he should begin by changing his name.

A barber named Wallis shaved a tamer inside a den of lions at Nottingham, last week. It went off all right, but Daniel knew more than the tamer. He wore a beard.

In mentioning he is a shareholder in the London and North-Western Railway Company, Mr. Justice Darling said, "Very few of us can afford to hold nothing but Consols." *We* are not so particular!

Two wounded partridges dashed through a closed window at Conington and broke the glass. They, of course, wanted to get rid of the pane.

The curate of Otley, the Rev. E. M. Young, declares that "nowhere is there such impurity as among the youth of his parish." This statement is Otley contested by the Young men.

Mrs. Russell Sage has decided to distribute £30,000,000 amongst "worthy individuals in need of assistance who are too proud to ask for help." How is she to discover them?

Miss Olive Christian Malvery, in "The Soul Market," declares that our meat packing arrangements are as bad as those in Chicago. "*C'est mal*"—very!

"Overtaxed" writes to the *Daily Mail* asking for what purpose new sofas have been supplied to the new War Office. "Overtaxed" is unreasonable. Where are the officials to get their "forty winks"?

To Miss Marie Corelli's denunciation of the *Times* Book Club as a mouse-trap, Mr. Moberley Bell has, we understand, replied: "Rats!"

"'Good morning, have you used Pears' soap?'" "No, I use Primrose. Good-Knight."

One of our recently-made knights, on being asked why he had received this honour, replied that he was never of an inquisitive turn of mind.

The *Daily Mail* heads an article: "The Welsh Boycott of JOHN BULL. Why?" Our contemporary is misinformed. Taffy is one of our staunchest supporters.

"The Bondman" is to be set free on December 5th. He has been Cained fairly well.

"The evening out for the domestic servant was a dangerous thing," said an archdeacon at a diocesan conference. It is; it's quite possible the general might twig the archdeacon at the Empire or Alhambra. One never knows.

A poster we saw the other day read—

BLEEDING POOR SHOPGIRLS.
BY MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

A writer in a contemporary says, "Give me the half-mile radius from Charing Cross, and you may do as your fancy dictates with the rest of the world." For our part let's have the half-mile round the Bank.

Miss Camille Clifford, by marrying the Hon. Wentworth Bruce, rose from the chorus to the front-rank at the Vaudeville, and Miss Draughn, by not marrying Herr Thyssen, is engaged at £20 a week for the Gaiety. It is like backing a horse each way.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

H. I. (Barnsley) used to work for Mr. Bradlaugh, and although he was too young to be allowed to attend Mr. Bradlaugh's lectures, he is angry, and says it makes him spit to hear that Mr. Bradlaugh ever received £50 for a lecture in England. Perhaps Mr. Vivian would have been more accurate if he had said Mr. Bradlaugh received that sum for "some lectures," but surely H. I. will admit that the lecturer was worthy of his hire. If that has been appreciated not offence can have been properly taken.

"READER FROM THE FIRST" (Shepherd's Bush).—The Servians use the Old Style calendar, so they refer to the day of the murders as the 29th of May.

A. T. B. (Nottingham) finds Mr. F. Harris hypercritical in devoting half a page to Mr. Haggard's phrase, "No, hear me out." A. T. B. says: "I can well imagine an Englishman, about to stake his happiness on the answer of one who is all the world to him, becoming excited, and even incoherent. I consider it quite natural that some such phrase should escape him. It might just as well have been the declaration itself, but he could not get it out. Who does not know the sensation well enough!" We suppose it is painful to be in love.

J. B. M. (Cheapside) wants all smokers to unite in erecting a memorial to Sir Walter Raleigh. Let us hope the proposal will not end in smoke.

"A LOVER OF BIRDS" (Haverstock Hill) objects to people eating larks. But do they? We believe most, if not all, the little birds sold as larks are sparrows. In any case, the skylark is never eaten. In France we are served with *mauviettes* not *alouettes*. The translation of *mauviettes sur canapés* as "larks on sofas" will be remembered. If we are right in our information, the plea for "our feathered friends and songsters" falls to the ground. But we agree with our correspondent that it is a pity to keep skylarks in cages. Is he aware that the French put out their eyes with hot irons with the idea that they will sing better when they are blind?

"ZOOLOGIST" has had a bet about the animal on our cover. A friend of his says it is "some sort of fabulous beast suffering from an attack of mumps," but "Zoologist" maintains that it is "a dwarf hybrid hippopotamus." Both lose, and must pay us. It is a prize bulldog.

"AJAX" (Edinburgh) writes us in reference to a dry cell belt which he agreed to purchase from the British Electric Institute at a cost of £7 7s., of which sum he has only paid £2 16s. He now says it seems to be nothing better than an electric toy. He wrote offering to return it, as he was dissatisfied, but they take no notice of this, and are worrying for the balance of the price. As the appliance in question has been advertised in these columns, we have made full inquiries into the case, and are satisfied that it is quite unlike the old belts, of which so much complaint was legitimately made, as it really has a number of dry cells attached to it, which generate a practical current of electricity, the intensity of which is controlled by a switch. We have seen testimonials from doctors, some of whom have themselves derived benefit from the apparatus, and many more order it for their patients, while we are also convinced by written evidence that the Institute advises those whom such a belt would not benefit not to purchase one, but to consult ordinary medical men. We advise our correspondent to adhere to his agreement and pay the balance.

J. L. L. (Hindhead).—Thanks for letter, which we have passed on to Mr. Harris.

HAPGOODS, LTD., Temple Bar House, 24, Fleet Street, E.C.—With reference to the various comments, founded on letters from readers, which have appeared in our columns from time to time, we have thoroughly investigated the specific complaints which have reached us, and find (*a*) that the firm does in fact secure situations for its clients; (*b*) that the initial fee of a guinea does not in any way cover the cost of the great amount of work which it does, the proprietors looking for their full remuneration to the commission payable upon placing their clients; (*c*) that the firm is not a "guinea snatching" concern, as it has frequently returned the registration fee to clients it considers would not do it credit. Hapgoods say that "F. S." (extract from whose letter appeared last week) is but one of several of their clients employed by his firm, all of whom, with this one exception, have paid their respective commissions, although they are in exactly the same position as our correspondent. Although for legal reasons the firm of employers in question has a clause in its agreement with its employés that any excess in the weekly sum allowed over actual earnings is repayable on termination of the engagement, it has never been known to avail itself of this right. "A. B." (Stepney) complains that he paid the guinea, "but all he could get for his money was 'no news yet,' or 'manager engaged.'" We have, however, seen press copies of three letters of introduction given by Hapgoods to likely employers—one as recently as the 13th November—besides other correspondence as to references, etc., and are convinced that "A. B." is mistaken in what he says.

M. E. P. (Highbury New Park) calls our attention to an error in our spelling of "ipecacuanha," and suggests that perhaps we made the mistake wilfully for the purpose of seeing how many of our readers noticed it. Of course that's it—in fact, that is the only reason why we ever make any mistakes.

C. M. W. (London) has fallen into the Nutriola net. We are afraid we cannot do anything to extricate him.

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REFERENCES TO LEADING LONDON SOLICITORS.

E. M. (Liverpool) thinks "Mr. Crow ought to be in heaven; it is the only place where he is likely to stop without grumbling. Still, one never knows; he might grumble there." Jim means to go up there some day, but stipulates for the latest thing in aureoles.

E. M. (London) is invited by "Dr. McLaughlin," of 164, Strand, to send £4 and be cured of all his ailments by electro-vigour. But E. M., like a wise person, prefers the ailments!

S. R. R. (Flushing).—Thanks for cutting. An obvious misprint.

R. W. O. (Worcester Park) writes us an interesting letter on the subject of statements made by prisoners under arrest. He points out that it is not so much a matter of their being "cautioned," but that, according to all the legal authorities, the statement must be absolutely voluntary. Of course, the matter is not so important nowadays, as prisoners can give evidence on their own behalf. It was when their mouths were closed that alleged admissions were so serious.

R. J. E. (Normanton) is manager of a mail order firm, and he has found our exposure of certain concerns of great assistance. We are glad to hear it. He tells us that he has had dealings with Hapgoods, Ltd., and has found them respectable and trustworthy. We are glad to hear that, too.

"A Curate" (Thirsk) has no sense of humour. He is angry with us for referring to the smile of the Rev. Ebenezer Decker when counting the collection which those pretty ladies had secured. The curate tells us that the amount would make "no difference" to Mr. Decker, and that "the churchwardens would walk off with it." How wrong of them! Then we are told that the clergy do *not* "dine with the rich." Simple Yorkshire curate! They are not all like you. Come and have a bite with *us*, when you are in town.

C. M. W. (London) sent the "Nutrolia Co." a "small sum eighteen months ago," and arranged to have some more shares kept at his own option. He has since been so bombarded with their literature that he thought he would go and see them at their Oxford Street address, with a view to further investment. But he can't find them. "Even the postman" doesn't know them, he says. Why didn't he ask a policeman? In any case, we congratulate him.

W. A. (Beverley) would like half our advertisements taken out. That comes of putting ourselves on too high a pinnacle. But we are only human, and provided we know nothing against any of the persons whose advertisements we insert—well, they do help the printing bill!

P. W. (London) tells us that his son is a chemist and that recently "a Jew jeweller (that sounds very 'Jewey'!) from 13, Ely Place, called upon him and stuck him with £10 worth of tawdry jewellery," explaining to him that the sale of these goods was being restricted to chemists. P. W.'s son must be very simple. His son should now seek out that Jew jeweller and give him a dose of something made up specially for itinerant vendors of shoddy finery.

W. G. H. (Highbury) says that if we will take a short walk on the boundaries of the City we shall see "a fine lot of blocks being laid for a new road," and we shall "discover the electric tram demons with pick-axe and shovel, taking it up again." We presume they mean to leave no stone unturned to get the trams laid.

H. M. (Hackney) says he is "only a bricklayer's labourer," but he buys John Bull and reads it to the men on the job at meal times; and he has already "persuaded two Battersea scaffolders to take it." H. M. is a good sort, and we hope he will soon be at the top of the ladder.

"Maalai" (Govowen) complains that after having been supplied for some time by one of Wyman's bookstalls with the *Freethinker* and *Agnostic Journal*, they have suddenly been taken off the stall because an old lady saw them there and objected to their sale. We cannot quite credit this story. Messrs. Wyman are, of course, the best judges of how to conduct their business, but if there is to be any kind of inquisition into the character of the thousands of publications they sell—well, we could name two or three which ought to go, without delay. In fact, John Bull would be about the only one left.

Several coy correspondents, who do not sign their names, have sent cuttings from the *Sunday Companion* with an appropriate commentary. Can this be our old friend, Lord Northcliffe? We are accustomed to his companionship on week-days, but we hoped that Sunday might be a day of rest. We note with regret the presence of several advertisements, which we have already exposed. One of our coy correspondents comments, "Pray on their knees on Sunday; prey on their neighbours the rest of the week." But the preying does not seem to be abandoned even on the Sabbath. We note a philanthropic coupon entitling us to purchase "The Heart of Man" in book form for 3s. This is the trashy serial referred to in our Open Letter to his Lordship. He tells us to "remember that Christmas is coming," and suggests that the book "is unequalled as a birthday present." He also warns us that "it is most important to order at once," as "delay is dangerous." No wonder they made him a peer!

"Memory" (Brixton) rebukes us for the printer's error by which our recent "Bull's Eye" about Miss Harraden, the novelist, appeared in two consecutive issues. He doesn't like our "dishing up cold meat." Poor Miss Harraden!

J. T. (London) doesn't agree with Dr. Herbert Snow about the futility of taking children for "a day in the country." J. T. says that Dr. Snow should live and work, as he does, in the slums, and then he would appreciate the joy and benefit the youngsters derive from an occasional "glimpse of heaven." At any rate, we are disposed to agree with J. T. that it is well that the little ones should know that there is such a thing as a green field and a blue sky.

T. S. (Sidcup) relates an unfortunate experience. Over two years ago he threw up a comfortable berth as reporter in order to double his salary as representative of the *Great North Magazine*. After working all over Yorkshire for twelve months, he was dismissed at a week's notice "in a half-inch little spot called Selby, without home, funds, or friends." Furthermore, he brings serious charges against Mr. Jesse Fletcher, who ran the magazine. We cannot publish an *ex parte* statement without investigation. Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will favour us with his version, or perhaps others may care to entrust us with their experiences of his methods.

Sim B. (London) wishes us all we desire and not what we deserve. The riddle is to find the difference.

H. B. (Derby) still thinks we are too severe on the Conservatives. We are inclined to say to him, "Show us one," as Ike said to Mo, when Mo boasted he had eaten with solid silver forks at a banquet. The true Conservative we respect, but not the mongrel article. H. B. does not think Dickie Bell, M.P., represents the best type of Labour. Well, we shall see. Meanwhile, we have no party prejudices. We belong to the party of common-sense. What that is, no sensible man ever tells.

H. I. (King's Lynn) asks our opinion of the Saving Stamp Co. (47, Old Kent Road). It sells blue labels, marked 2d., to tradesmen for 9d. a 100. The tradesmen are to give customers one label for every 2d. spent. When the customers have collected a sufficient number, the company will exchange them for "free gifts." This sounds an ingenious plan, which might be all right if fairly carried out. But H. I. says it is not. He obtained a watch and clock, which won't go, and, as they cost him 4s. 6d., he is aggrieved.

H. B. (Haymarket) must try to be a little more charitable. He asks us to show up a Battersea vicar for taking six weeks' holiday and charging a mothers' meeting 3d. a head to hear about his travels. We suppose the mothers would not have paid for the lecture if they had not been interested in the subject. So where is the grievance?

E. D. B. (South Hampstead) complains that, while the papers have been full of Miss Edna May and Miss Phyllis Dare, no credit has been given to Miss Ethel Newman, the understudy, but for whom the Vaudeville would have had to be closed. All right: *palmam qui meruit ferat*! We are glad to oblige an enthusiast like E. D. B., who buys eight copies a week and sends them as far as Paris and Vienna. Our fame has gone out unto all lands.

"A Fenian" (Cork) says his name must not alarm us as he is "harmless nowadays." He looks forward to our appearance as much as to that of his salary, and we think we know which does him the more good. He says: "Your jokes are excruciatingly funny. I shall never forget the first night I read them. Oh! that I survive to tell the tale is a miracle. The perspiration positively rolled off my forehead, my sides split with laughter, the buttons came off my trousers, and, worse than all, I had a bad attack of biliousness for a fortnight afterwards." We hope he took a hair of the dog that bit him. Yes, for he continues, "So weak did I get that I seriously thought of taking a few Pale Pills, but I substituted some "Bull's Eyes," and found them more to my taste." "Praise from Sir Hubert is praised indeed," and our head is swollen by so many pretty speeches from an island whose soul is wit.

A. A. (St. John's Wood) grumbles at the possibility of a foreign architect being employed for the new County Council palace. We take very little interest in the L.C.C., but we fail to see why they should not allow foreign designs to compete. To be patriotic, we need not be insular—or insulting.

H. E. (West Kirby) pays us many pretty compliments. He agrees with us about Christian science, vaccination, etc., and is "sure that all enemies of cant will rally round" a John Bull League. We hope they will.

N. C. W. (Plymouth) tells us that, having recently opened a fancy goods' shop, he was unfortunate enough to give an order to a traveller representing "W. Ellis and Co., 45, Finsbury Pavement," and was rash enough to send a bill of exchange before receiving the goods. The firm has now disappeared, and N. C. W. has received intimation from the London Trading Bank that they hold the bill and require payment of it. We have made inquiries, and have ascertained that the London Trading Bank took this bill in due course from Ellis and Co. The Bank is, however, unable to give us any information as to the present whereabouts of the firm, and we are afraid N. C. W. must reconcile himself to his loss. From what we know of the Bank, however, we are sure he will obtain reasonable treatment.

The Globe Clothing Trust, 18-20, Oxford Street, inform us that the editor of the *Tribune* omitted to say in his letter, published last week, that they wrote to him denying the statement that their goods were produced by sweated labour, and that the *Tribune* thereupon accepted their advertisement, in which the paragraphs, to which the editor of that journal now objects, were set out in full. They also have shown us certain correspondence with our original informant, from which it appears that he wore the cheap suit for two months before making any complaint.

"ASTOR" (Westwick Gardens) asks us about the Snowball system of collecting used penny stamps for the benefit of hospitals. His daughter is frequently asked to send 12 stamps and to write an identical letter to three friends, asking them each to do the same. We know there is a popular idea that a million old stamps are worth £5, but we never met anybody who was prepared to pay 5d. If we are wrong, perhaps someone will enlighten us.

J. C. B.-N. (London) does not like the foreign music-hall performers. He says the men "hang about the streets, lying, drinking, thieving, gambling," and he implies that the women are no better than they should be. J. C. B.-N. must try to be a little more broad-minded. After all, the morals of mummers are no concern of ours. All an audience requires is to be amused. Our correspondent wants English performers to "come forward in a body and hound the lying alien artiste from our shores." But this might detract from the gaiety of the nation, even though wigs on the green afforded temporary sport. And why insist so much on the veracity of tumblers and squawkers?

T. D. (London).—You must use your own discretion. We have no means of verifying the claims of our advertisers.

"AT LEAST A MAN" (Wealdstone) calls our attention to a case of cruel desertion of a girl, under the usual circumstances, and suggests that all such villains should be placed in the old-fashioned stocks. And so say all of us.

"FELIX" (Cardiff) asks whether we can give him the name of a reliable preparation to arrest the falling out of the hair. We are not specialists in these matters, and personally doubt whether such a thing exists. If, however, half of what some of our advertisers say is correct, "Felix" should soon be a happy man.

E. A. Y. (Barnsbury) asks our opinion of the rupture treatment of Mr. Rice, of 89, Stonecutter Street. He sends us an advertisement with a portrait of a very happy-looking man who is stated to have been cured after "suffering severely for thirty-three years"! How old is E. A. Y.?

O. D. (London, W.).—Thanks for interesting suggestions, which shall have our best consideration.

W. E. G. (Birmingham).—We have dealt with the Mint Co-operative Stores in earlier issues. Have nothing to do with them, and the same remark applies to the other people mentioned by you.

J. N. E. (Pontycymmer) asks whether *Reynolds' Newspaper* has at any time been "convicted for libellous statements." We believe, like most old-established journals, our contemporary has had damages awarded against it, the last occasion, we think, being in connection with a matter arising from the hay contracts during the South African war. If, however, J. N. E. refers to a criminal conviction, then we are happy to think the answer is in the negative. His best way to find out, however, would be to write to the editor of our robust contemporary.

J. A. B. (Battersea).—Quite right. Stick to your independence. The JOHN BULL Party is the place for you.

"SYMPATHISER" (London) protests against the L.R.C. attempting to persecute John Burns, and says "the so-called leaders of Labour are playing the game for their own ends." Anyway, the odds are 1,000 to 3 on John M.P.

W. S. McT. (Southampton).—Thanks for cuttings. Sorry you do not like our "sarcastic remarks about the Lord Mayor." We were only joking. Of course, no one wishes to see him "done away with"!

(Many replies stand over.)

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SIX BALD PATCHES COVERED.

Nursted Rocks, Petersfield.

Dear Sir,—I cannot speak too highly of your True Hair Grower. In the early part of the year I found a bald place at the back of my head, a few weeks later another appeared, and other parts of my head began to get very thin. I had in all six bald patches. After using your treatment it affords me much pleasure to state that my head is now covered with hair. I feel most grateful to you and shall always recommend your Hair Grower.—Yours faithfully, J. A. CLARK.

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RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People.*")

The Sort Wanted.

Mr. W. H. Pawson is once more "coming racing" this winter, and will have several jumpers to be mainly owner-ridden.

We shall miss "Tubby."

H. Aylin will not be riding in England again this N.H. season, having accepted a two years' engagement—dating from last month—in France, for the flat and jumping. Aylin gave us the most perfect example of the art of "sitting still," even at chasing.

The Official Standard.

The fences at Kempton are now pretty stiffly built up, Mr. W. Bevill, the official Inspector of Steeplechase Courses being a rare stickler for the book, and if anything, rather erring on the side of severity, so as to get the stipulated dimensions of height. But N.H. rules, strangely enough, say very little regarding the *width* of a regulation fence, and there are practically no laws governing the plain obstacles.

Unfulfilled "Intentions."

When Spate had surprised everybody, and overpowered his jockey and led 10 lengths to the Bushes in Mintagon's Cesarewitch, how many of us said to ourselves: "Here's a certain winner of a 1½ miles race"? And how few of that many held to and supported that belief last Saturday? Spate had been a very moderate, mayhap unlucky, performer until a suddenly "discovered" stayer—he is too small, mean, and "split up" to be a good horse, whilst Cambridgeshire and Newbury defeats had cloaked the earlier Newmarket showing. He belongs to one of the sporting Orr-Ewing family, whose bird's-eye blue jacket has, as with most "Service" men, been chiefly identified with 'chasing and some good horses. Major Orr-Ewing is, I believe, chairman of and interested in the "Fiat" Motor Company. It was Spate that exploded the St. Wulfram Cesarewitch problem.

The End.

With the many who merely dabble in racing, the fall of the mythical curtain means little beyond the immediate cessation of all interest. With the actual racing forces the significance, and its effect, are tremendous. No sooner had Velocity won the Final Plate on Saturday than it was possible for the casual adherent to turn away from the game without the least heeding that it meant some 150 horses, with their "lads" having to get home again—some, possibly, the same night, others on the Monday—at an aggregate expenditure of many hundreds. And then, for the next four months, the horses have to eat their heads off in what trainers dread having to do with bad thoroughbreds, "wintering" them. Henceforward the minor percentage may take a hand in jumping, but it is an easy time for man and horse many hundreds strong. What the sudden contrast is can be shown by the fact that Nulli Secundus, for many weeks the public favourite for the Derby, descended to competition in a 42 sov. maiden hurdle race at Aldershot this week.

An Unjustified Styling.

Instantly flat racing ends, we are supposed to experience a "dull" time, but it is quite a misnomer. Instantly Aldershot began the jumping period proper, and in this the first week there are eight days of sport, and so the game continues—even to the extent of innumerable clashings—right until Lincoln in March, a blank Monday even being a rarity. At the Turf headquarters all matters continue very lively—there are the sales, the coursing, and regular hunting. Those jockeys who do not live at Newmarket usually go home or hunting all winter. The ball given last season by the Jockeys in Newmarket is this time to be brought forward into December, and matters will be altogether pretty active during their close racing term. The Jockeys have now promoted a Drag Hunt, of which Kempton Cannon is to be Master, and Herbert Toon and College Leader whips.

The Past Season.

That the recent eight months' racing period has been nothing at all out of the common it is almost unnecessary to write, for in every phase it has been most commonplace. To the end, luckily, we had no hindrance from the weather, and abnormally good fortune in magnificent Ascot, Goodwood, and Epsom weeks, the whole of which, with similar sporting functions, are wholly dependent upon the elements. There have been many new, possibly advantageous, racing rules, and a few public improvements at the meetings themselves. Primarily, everyone will regret the execrable ill-luck which has followed His Majesty's colours, whether carried by horses purchased at high figures or bred on the bluest lines. That the performances of our three-year-olds have been very very ordinary is in the main shown by the unusual fact that each of the five classic races was won by a different animal. In the handicaps favourites, as a rule—until the extreme back end—won; but they were unusually lightly-weighted horses who scored runaway successes, to the accompaniment of a huge "squeal" from the ring. It may be said that we have no good long distance handicap horses when thrown-in old ones like Winwick, Gourd, Mintagon, and Pradella gained the chief events. Over shorter courses Velocity, and, in the autumn, Polymelus, were the "stars"—the one a much-improved Irish-bred horse, the other a lucky cheap auction purchase, after which he showed resuscitation to his three-year-old, approximately, classic form. It is satisfactory to note a revival of old times, and find the Northern stables holding their own—in fact, coming South to tackle us, and carrying off big handicaps like the Cesarewitch.

The Two-Year-Olds.

Our juveniles evolved a most intricate puzzle, defeating each other in turn, with the sole exception of the continuously under-rated Polar Star, who is unbeaten. Yet he is not in the classic races, so that it looks like being another edition of Cyllene's year, especially as those who are *proxime accessit* to the "Star" only claim certain important engagements. Others on the fringe of the front rank—like the stable companions Sagamore and My Pet II.—are not entered at all. Slieve Gallion certainly promised to be brilliant, and whether his one defeat was the outcome of being temporarily amiss or a non-stayer, only the future can solve. Galvani, his conqueror, in turn proved inferior to Polar Star, so that if the collateral form can be relied upon, Colonel Hall-Walker's horse stands out alone, with the others too badly beaten to be really in the top flight. It is extraordinary, too, how, year after year, two-year-old running proves reliable the following season. Polar Star, Slieve Gallion, Galvani, and, in fact, all the cracks (except My Pet II., who is French-bred) were reared in Ireland, whose bloodstock studs are still making giant headway. Polar Star is unfashionably bred, and as further instance of the lottery of the game, his own half-brother—by a much more expensive sire—only just squeezed home in a 40-sovereign hurdle race at Portsmouth Park last week, and was beaten by the King's horse on Monday at Aldershot.

Our Jockeys.

Higgs' lead has for long been assured, while Maher—who voluntarily renounced the second berth through

absence—has really had a most magnificent season, winning practically all the big races, including the Derby and Oaks. In big handicaps he was irresistible. The new apprentice rule has somewhat suppressed the indenture boys, of whom little Wootton—the Australian—was for a few weeks a meteoric wonder, probably because it was something new to have a colonial *enfant prodigue*. In total, more apprentices had rides than jockeys, although we have come to look upon boys like Blades, Howard, Pike, Saxby, Robbins, and Templeman more as jockeys than lads still serving their articles. The jockeys' list will, in fact, be further reduced next season, inasmuch as several visiting horsemen like W. Bullock, B. Carslake, and F. D. Jones have already returned home, or gone elsewhere through lack of patronage, while J. H. Martin next season rides in Austria. Thus Maher will be the only American horseman left here. Among the new—and yet old—hands, J. Priestman has made abnormal advance, and is reckoned quite the "cock of the north." It is somewhat extraordinary—and indicative of the rise and fall of public favourites—to find that Kemmy Cannon, winner of the previous season's Derby and a £10,000 race, only had one successful mount.

Our Trainers.

One generation back "grooms" was the term applied to men who trained horses and who received remuneration in unison with the appellation. Nowadays, our trainers are in the main of a different "class"—and expect "presents" increased in equal ratio to their progressive position. Many are military men—some even aristocrats—and no end of our actual, even if not ostensible trainers or managers of racing stables, amateurs as far as the status goes. Two such head the just-ended season's winning list in Hon. Geo. Lambton and Mr. P. P. Gilpin. What would have been thought 50 years back of trainers who lived, dressed, and acted as some do in this year of grace—who are addressed as "Esquires"—have their boxes at Ascot or the Opera, and move in the "upper circles"? Moreover, one half of the winning gentlemen riders' list—embracing the two at its head—is composed of men who are also trainers, and whilst holding an official professional licence as such can still—as an anomaly—figure as amateur jockeys!

The Sires.

Equally aristocratic as the trainers were, what can already be termed "last" season's winning stallions, the King's Persimmon heading the list from another Derby winner, Lord Rosebery's Ladas. With Gallinule not quite so prominent through Pretty Polly's dethronement, Irish horses and those standing in Ireland have yet done splendidly.

The Outlook.

One immediate query arises—what is the—for the moment—"new game" to be like? This is a broad subject with which I will deal more fully next week, after seeing a little of the doings. So far the vitality of the sport has been astounding—fields enormous, and the much-called-for "new blood" prolific. Even £40 three-year-old hurdle races have had their 20 to 25 runners, and the right sort of owners—like Lords Rosebery and Michelham—have put a few horses to the game. What a good example, too, that will sway many, has His Majesty set by jumping the Derby disappointment, Nulli Secundus, probably now in his sphere, and, it is to be hoped, a second Ambush II. in embryo. We all trust so.

Prophetic.

Until there is reliable public form to go upon, and the runners are fit and not schooling, it is best to look on. MR. DELAMERE, however, should win the Hurdle Handicap either at Leicester to-day (Thursday), or at Haydock Park to-morrow. At Kempton do not miss the genuine little ALYTH, who likes the course, in the Hurdle Handicap, whilst QUEEN'S SCHOLAR—Dillon's ride—on the top of the ground, will go very close for Saturday's Middlesex Steeplechase.

GREYNESS, BALDNESS, AND CARELESSNESS.—So continuous are the cries of the alarmist against our carelessness on all matters concerning health, that the useful brown book, entitled "The Hair: How to Keep it in Health, and Treat it in Disease," recently published by Mr. Warner Oliver, should be appreciated. Mr. Oliver is a specialist in hair and scalp diseases, and in this book he tells us not only why our hair becomes diseased, but gives us practical information for the prevention of such troubles as greyness, falling hair, baldness, etc. The work may be obtained free of charge upon application to Mr. Warner Oliver, 4, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

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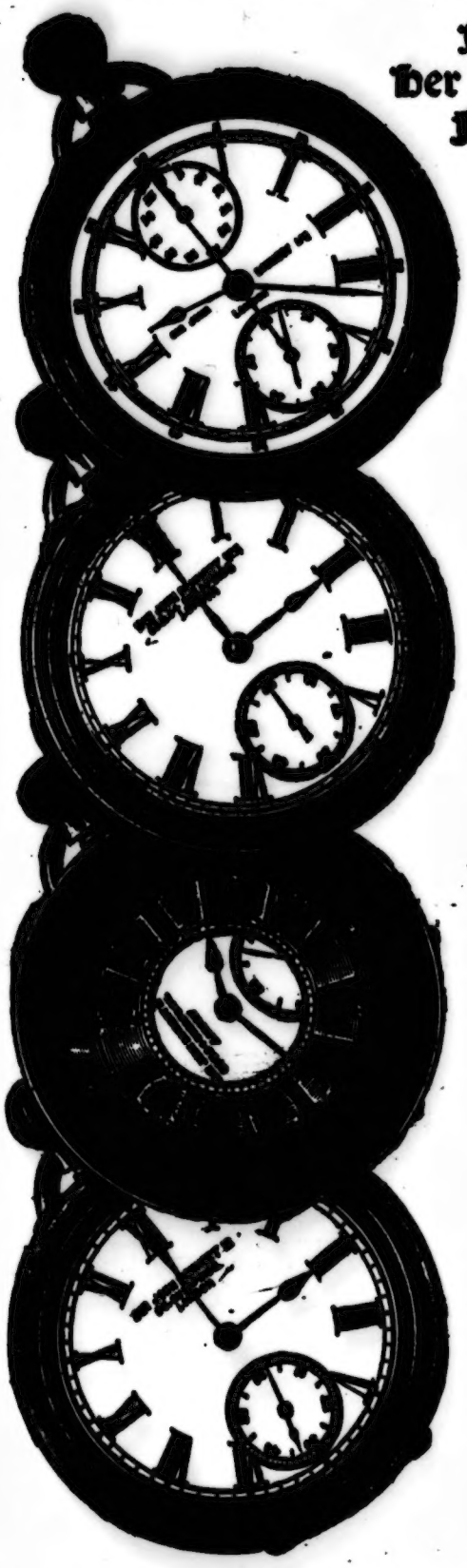

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